

Jan. 10, 1948

THE

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NEW YORKER



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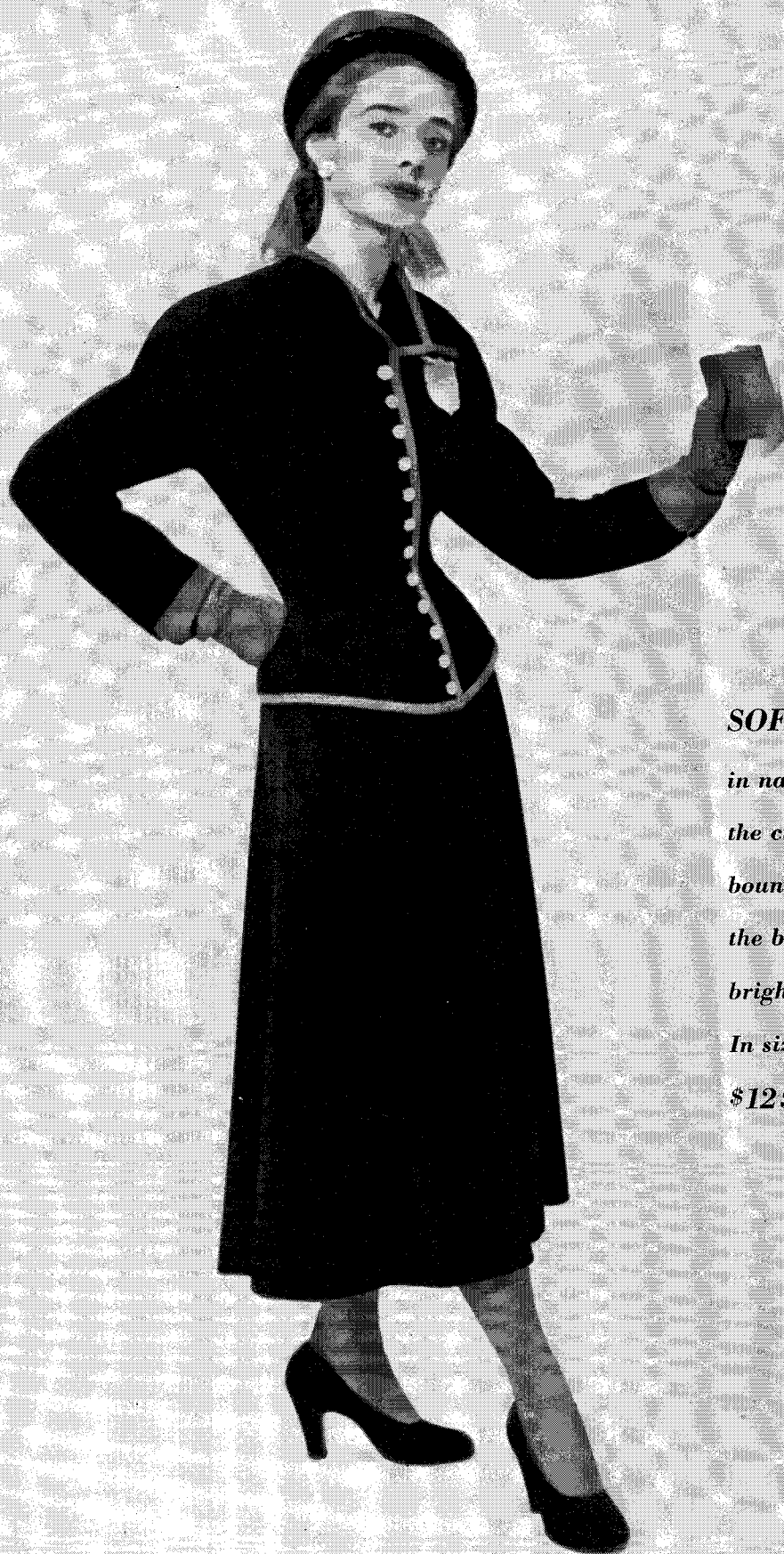
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ON THE PLAZA

* to "What would look fresh and fashionable and smooth
first under my furs, and next without them?"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA—Katharine Cornell may make the Queen of Egypt a bit too lady-like, but on the whole this is an admirable revival. Godfrey Tearle is excellent in the difficult role of Antony, and Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson are very helpful, too. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

COMMAND DECISION—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is still a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fasset, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—John Gielgud as the man who thought he could get away with murder in this rather cloudy rendering of Dostoevski's novel. With Dolly Haas, Lillian Gish, Vladimir Sokoloff, and Sanford Meisner. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Young June Lockhart's really superlative performance is all the important news about this F. Hugh Herbert comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE HEIRESS—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

AN INSPECTOR CALLS—A good English play that would have been better if J. B. Priestley, its author, had left off its metaphysical ending. Sir Cedric Hardwicke has directed a talented cast, two of whose members are Thomas Mitchell and Melville Cooper. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 10.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MEDEA—Judith Anderson giving what may well be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Tennessee Williams' tremendously moving and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter head the superb cast, directed by Elia Kazan. Jo Mielziner has designed a fine, sombre set, and Irene Selznick is the fortunate producer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—Terence Rattigan has gone to a British *cause célèbre* for this nice, compelling play about a naval cadet and his suit against the Crown. The company, imported from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY—No need to think twice about it. It broods vaguely over life in a summer camp for boys. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BURLESQUE: The old one dealing with a drunken comedian, who is played by Bert Lahr. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 8:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

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THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET
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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

urday, Jan. 10.) ... **HAPPY BIRTHDAY**: Helen Hayes as a girl who has herself a hell of a time at a bar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Moves on Monday, Jan. 12, to the Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **HARVEY**: Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **JOHN LOVES MARY**: The fellow who comes home from the war to two girls. With William Prince and Nina Foch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

ALLEGRO—You are not apt to find much to remind you of "Oklahoma!" in this elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are rather disappointing. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ANGEL IN THE WINGS—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other performers, including Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE CRADLE WILL ROCK—Marc Blitzstein's opera may have lost some of its political force, but it is still very funny and musically impressive. Alfred Drake, Will Geer, Muriel Smith, and Vivian Vance are among the distinguished participants. Performances are preceded by a group of dances by José Limon, and a concert by members of the cast. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 11.)

THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY—Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, both old favorites, have come back with a fine company in this repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury" will run through Saturday, Jan. 10, followed by a week of "Iolanthe." (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

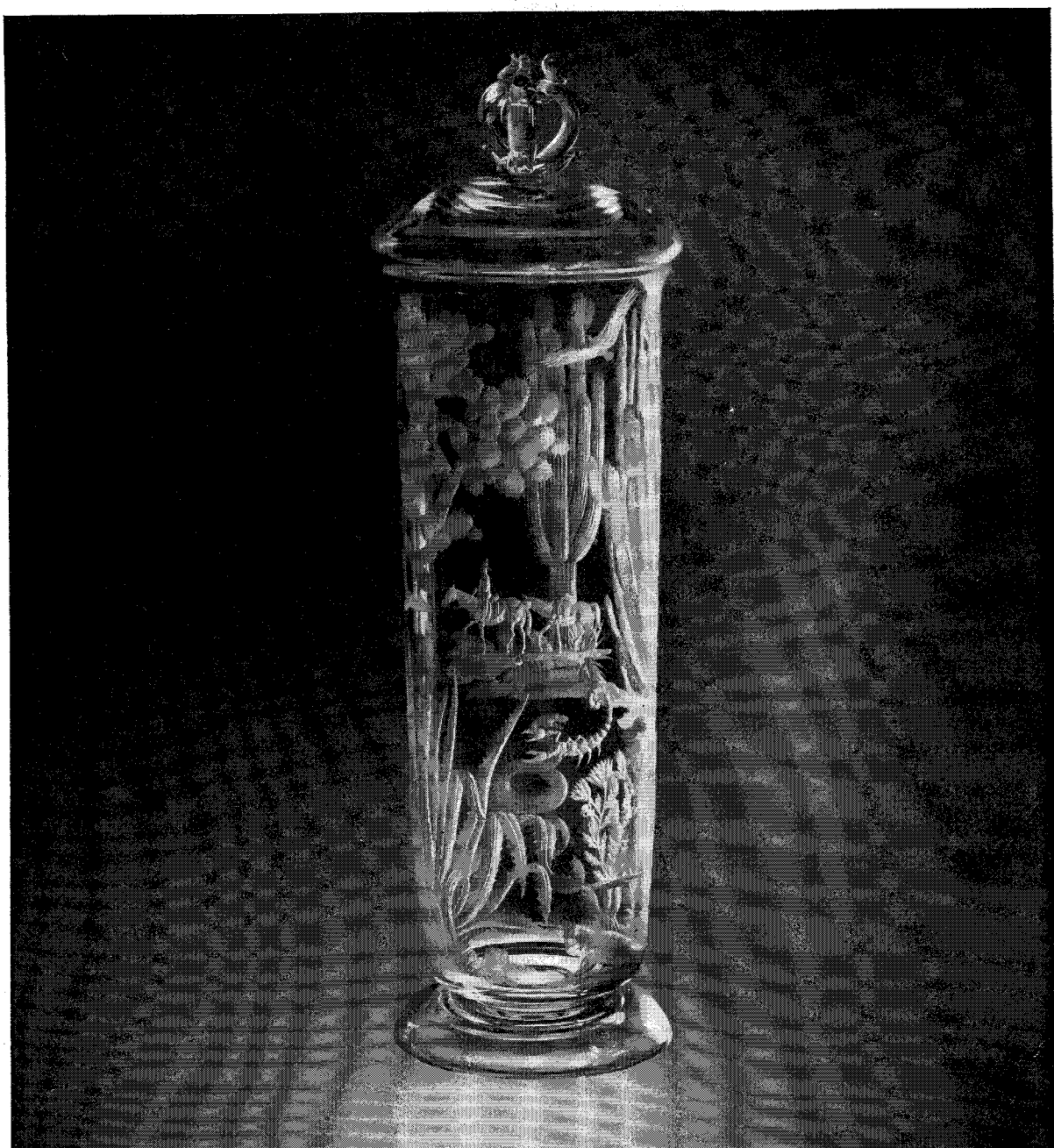
HIGH BUTTON SHOES—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' hilarious Mack Sennett ballet are the high points of this one, but it is all quite good fun. George Abbott has directed a cast that includes Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSIC IN MY HEART—A little something that may or may not have happened to Tchaikowsky, set to a vulgarization of his music. With Charles Fredericks, Vivienne Segal, and Martha Wright. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **BRIGADOON**: Melodic Scottish whimsy. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CALL ME MISTER: Converting G.I.s to civilian use. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly at 8:35. Matinee Saturday at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Jan. 10.) ... **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**: A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **OKLAHOMA!**:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

VOLPONE—The first of several plays to be presented by the New York City Theatre Company, which includes José Ferrer, Richard Whorf, and Paula Laurence. Opens Thursday, Jan. 8, for a ten-day engagement. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

POWER WITHOUT GLORY—A play by Michael Clayton Hutton, with a cast brought over from London, including Marjorie Rhodes, Peter Murray, and Hilary Liddell. Produced by John C. Wilson and the Messrs. Shubert, and directed by Chloe Gibson. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 13. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HARVEST OF YEARS—A play by DeWitt Bodeen, with Esther Dale, Leona Maricle, and Russell Hardie. Produced and directed by Arthur J. Beckhard, with a setting designed by Raymond Sovey. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 13. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS—Joan Tetzl, John Archer, Carl Benton Reid, and Nydia Westman in a comedy by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Directed by Benno Schneider and produced by Philip A. Waxman. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 14. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MAKE MINE MANHATTAN—A musical revue with a score by Richard Lewine and sketches and lyrics by Arnold B. Horwitt. The cast includes David Burns, Sid Caesar, and Sheila Bond. Directed by Hassard Short and produced by Joseph M. Hyman. Opens Thursday, Jan. 15. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8:10. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE MEN WE MARRY—Shirley Booth, Neil Hamilton, and Doris Dalton in a comedy by Elisabeth Cobb and Herschel Williams. Directed by Martin Manulis and produced by Edgar F. Luckenbach. Donald Oenslager designed the setting. Opens Friday, Jan. 16. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

RUTH DRAPER—This one-woman show is much as it always was, which, of course, is first-rate, though perhaps a little special. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinees Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

IVA KITCHELL—Dance recital. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Sunday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:40.)

ICETIME OF 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE—"Little Red Riding Hood." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Saturday afternoons, Jan. 10 and 17, and Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 2:30. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.)

CONCERTS—The Philharmonic-Symphony, presenting a concert for young people, conducted by Rudolph Ganz. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Jan. 10, at 11.)... The American Youth Orchestra, Dean Dixon conducting. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

MOVIES—Films of interest to children are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux

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85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.)... The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000) —The orchestra of Lary Siry, who's as much of a Park Avenue landmark as the Ambassador itself, and a rumba band play for dancing in the Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's orchestra supplies dance music and incidental pyrotechnics all evening in the Bowman Room.

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000)—Through Sunday, Jan. 11, Mel Tormé, one of the more talented pint-size chirpers. On Tuesday, Jan. 13, Eddy Howard's orchestra takes over from Sonny Dunham's.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A precarious compromise between the "Hour of Charm" and a Shubert operetta (minus all three gags). The sardonic dances of Mata and Hari and the dance music of Billy Banks' band are nice antidotes.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras, purveying their pleasant music for God, for country, and especially for Yale.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Don't worry; that slight buzzing noise you hear is just the décor. Peter Walters is at the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A greenhouse full of very elaborate flora and fauna. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5000)—There is a placid dinner-and-supper show in the Cotillion Room, as well as Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band.... In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the period-piece Rendez-Vous Room, the show is provided entirely by the dressy clientele. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras alternate for dancing.... In the Persian Room, Hildegard, romping through her supersonic paces at dinner and supper. Dance music is supplied by Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Bland is the word for the dinner music of Emery Deutsch's string orchestra, in the Oval Room; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Ted Straeter, resplendent in tails, and Johnny Guarneri, offhand in a bow tie, playing smart piano for their respective bands in the opulent Iridium Room, and Mary Raye and Naldi dancing at dinner and supper.... Downstairs, against the background of the handsome Maisonnée, an unassuming young couple called Nype and Coté sing (through Tuesday, Jan. 13) some hand-in-hand love songs. Dance music.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band knocking out non-stop music. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A familiar gilded cage for some fairly familiar gilded fledglings. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Ilona Massey, in a semi-operatic mood. On Friday, Jan. 16, Edith Piaf will replace her. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—There is an unpretentious show in the Sert Room at supertime. Rich dance music all evening by Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's orchestras.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Sparkling piano playing after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley.... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Sprightly dance music by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rogers' rumba band in this lively corner.... **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A high-style background for the New Look and (after eight-thirty) Les Crosley at the piano.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): The superb Rose Murphy, toying with piano and lyrics in her own happy-go-lucky fashion. Poker-faced dances by Dorothy Jarnac, and music by Cliff Jackson and Ed Hall's band.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Dimly lighted and sedate, which is just right for Roger Stearns' piano music.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty.... **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): This nice little drawing room has Mary McNally at the piano at apéritif time and Alex Fogarty later in the evening.... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russian rambunctiousness, but of the Very Old School, of course.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with a gypsy fiddler at dinnertime, and Louis Hawkins at the piano after ten.... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Tea-time and dinner dance music by the Debonairs.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty in this prehistoric but comfortable glade.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish, with not too much of that professional-Latin atmosphere.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): In this vast car barn, you will find, to your considerable surprise, Ed Wynn, surrounded, as of yesteryear, by girls, girls, girls....



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*TRADEMARK



Iris small



Venus medium



Diana tall



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Gertrude Niesen is back in town. Dance music.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Amanda Lane and Kaye Ballard, those bright young ladies, have two entertaining new house guests—Herb Jeffries and Leonard Elliott. Music by the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan's still, small voice is as fetching as ever. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Josephine Premice and Louise Howard, who frolic and sing very sweetly for your supper. The Max Kaminsky Trio is prominent all evening. Dancing. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and those songs her mother never taught her. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Hope Emerson, brooding, at the piano, about the penalties of life in Manhattan.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his Admiral Farragut, or damn-the-torpedoes, trumpet style, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. In between, the unique Joe Sullivan at the piano. On Tuesday nights, distinguished visitors add to the uproar. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Freddie Ohms, Billy Butterfield, and their colleagues, all blowing their little hearts out. Visiting performers drop in on Sunday afternoons. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's eloquent bass playing is the main reason for stopping off here. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' musicianly trio. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Harlem rhythms of the band headed by Sidney and Wilbur de Paris. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Once again, Joe Marsala's clarinet, Adele Girard's hot harp, and other beloved trappings of the days when Fifty-second Street was really Fifty-second Street. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Sarah Vaughan is now in residence here. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Ben Webster's band (through Tuesday, Jan. 13).

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Avenue at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

CONSTANTINE ABANAYAS—Paintings on Biblical themes, severely stylized but effective. (Con-

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temporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 16.)

CORBELLINI—An Italian painter, new to this country, shows a series of slightly Renoirish, sunny studies of children. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 10.)

JO DAVIDSON—A retrospective show of nearly two hundred portrait busts. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 1.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Simple, quiet landscapes and figure pieces. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 17.)

KARL FORTRESS—A touch of Surrealism in a set of paintings that are as smart in execution as they are gloomy in subject matter. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Jan. 17.)

DAVID FREDENTHAL—Vigorous, though occasionally clumsy, paintings of wartime subjects. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Jan. 17.)

FRENCH—At the WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: A satisfying show of drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Renoir, Ingres, and van Gogh; through Jan. 10. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings, never shown here before, by Bombois, Dufy, and others; through Jan. 15.

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—New paintings and engravings, particularly adroit in the use of color and balance, by the British-born abstractionist. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

JOHN MARIN—Cape Split and other Maine-coast subjects, together with some ventures inland, in water colors and oils. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Jan. 31.)

HARRY STERNBERG—Surrealist techniques and Freudian symbolism applied, most successfully, to a series of paintings illustrating man's commonest current insecurities. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

STOW WENGENROTH—A retrospective show by the prominent lithographer. (Kennedy, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St.; through Jan. 14.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the DURLACHER, 11 E. 57th St.: Tchelitchev; through Jan. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Braque; through Jan. 24. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: B. J. O. Nordfeldt; through Jan. 24. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: American eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century paintings; through Jan. 31. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Hans Moller; through Jan. 26. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.: Carl Holty; through Jan. 24. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Jackson Pollock; through Jan. 31. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: George Constant; through Jan. 17. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Henry Schnakenberg;

through Jan. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Karl Priebe; through Jan. 31. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57th St.: Molla; through Jan. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Fred Meyer; through Jan. 24. . . . **NEWHOUSE**, 15 E. 57th St.: Angna Enters; through Feb. 14. . . . **LAUREL**, 48 E. 57th St.: Jimmy Ernst; through Jan. 24. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: William Pachner; through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Group shows at the BUCHHOLZ, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 24. **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 17. **DIX**, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through Feb. 7. **SALPETER**, 128 E. 56th St.; through Jan. 17. **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 23.

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.—Displays of Jewish ceremonial objects, synagogue architecture, and contemporary paintings, in a recently opened section of the Museum. . . . ¶ Primitive paintings by Raisa Robbins; through Jan. 8. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government; through Feb. 29. . . . ¶ Prints by Japanese artists of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective display of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 23.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A collection of water colors by Rudolf Bauer, Wassily Kandinsky, and Hilla Rebay. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 15.)

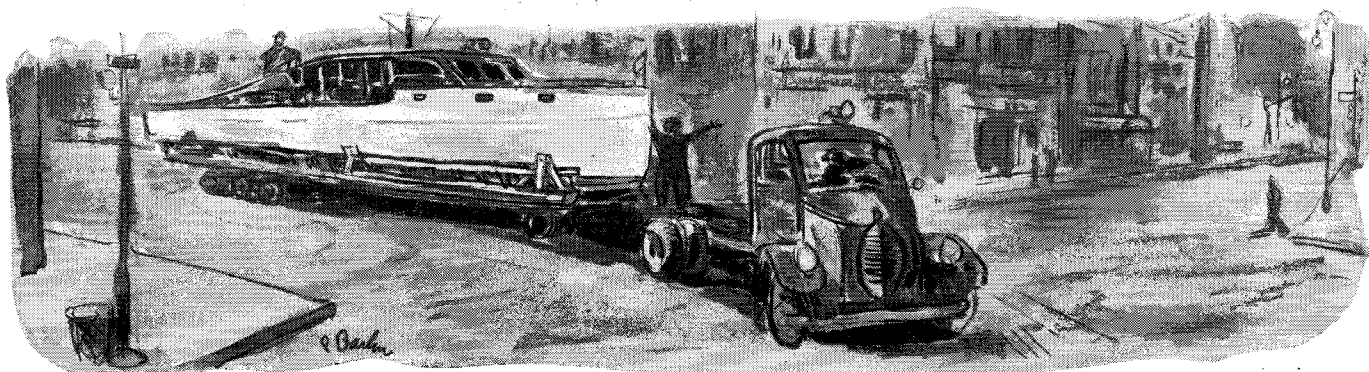
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1947 Annual of Contemporary American Paintings, rather mixed as to both style and quality, but a lively show nevertheless. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 25.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Jan. 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Stella Roman, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner, Eleanor Steber, Emanuel List, and Kurt Baum. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10, at 2: "Louise," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Harshaw, Raoul Jobin, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Lily Pons, Lucielle Browning, Jan





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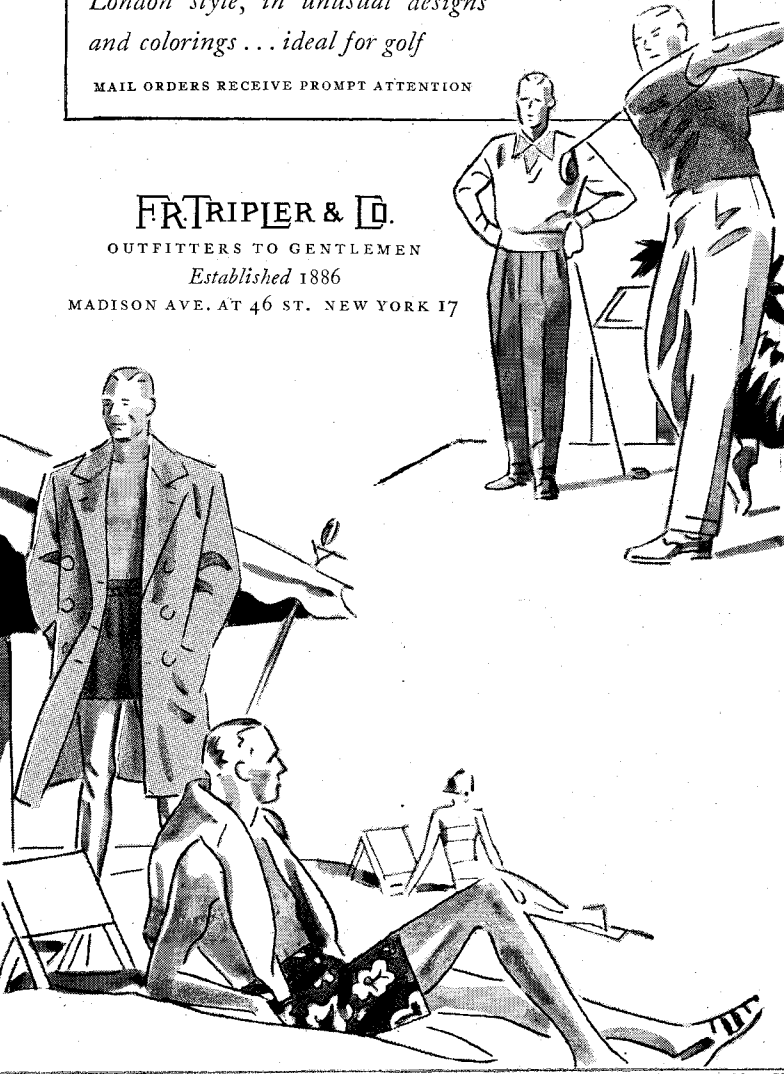


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peerce, and Leonard Warren... **Monday** evening, Jan. 12, at 8:15: "Aida," with Philip Kinsman, Blanche Thebom, Stella Roman, and Torsten Ralf... **Tuesday** matinée, Jan. 13, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Lauritz Melchior, Helen Traubel, Herbert Janssen, and Rose Bampton... **Tuesday** evening, Jan. 13, at 8: "Carmen," with Irra Petina, Claudia Pinza, Mario Berini, and Martial Singher; a benefit for Yeshiva University. For tickets, call MU 7-2757... **Wednesday** evening, Jan. 14, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Bidu Sayao, James Melton, and Francesco Valentini... **Thursday** evening, Jan. 15, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Polyna Stoska, Torsten Ralf, and Joel Berglund... **Friday** evening, Jan. 16, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Lucielle Browning, James Melton, and John Brownlee... **Saturday** matinée, Jan. 17, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Robert Merrill... **Saturday** evening, Jan. 17, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Daniza Ilitsch, Risé Stevens, Richard Tucker, and Francesco Valentini.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Charles Münch conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 8, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 9, at 2:30 (both with Leonard Rose, cello), and Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 3 (no soloists)... **Bruno Walter** conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 15, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, at 2:30 (both with Kathleen Ferrier, mezzo-soprano, and Set Svanholm, tenor)... **Walter Hendl** conducting and as piano soloist: Saturday evening, Jan. 17, at 8:45.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 14, at 8:45, and Saturday afternoon, Jan. 17, at 2:30... **Brooklyn Academy of Music**, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Leon Barzin conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

JOHN HARMS CHORUS—With Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano; Margaret Harshaw, contralto; and others, in a benefit performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Sunday evening, Jan. 11, at 8. For tickets, call EN 2-4968.)

VINAVER CHORUS—Chemjo Vinaver directing. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTANTE—Michel Nazzi conducting this chamber group. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:45.)

RECITALS

VICTORIA ANDERSON AND VIOLA MORRIS—Contralto and soprano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

JACQUES ABRAM—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—In the second of three piano recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2:30.)

EFREM ZIMBALIST—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 5:30.)

ARNOLD EIDUS—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:15.)

MONICA MAIS—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:40.)

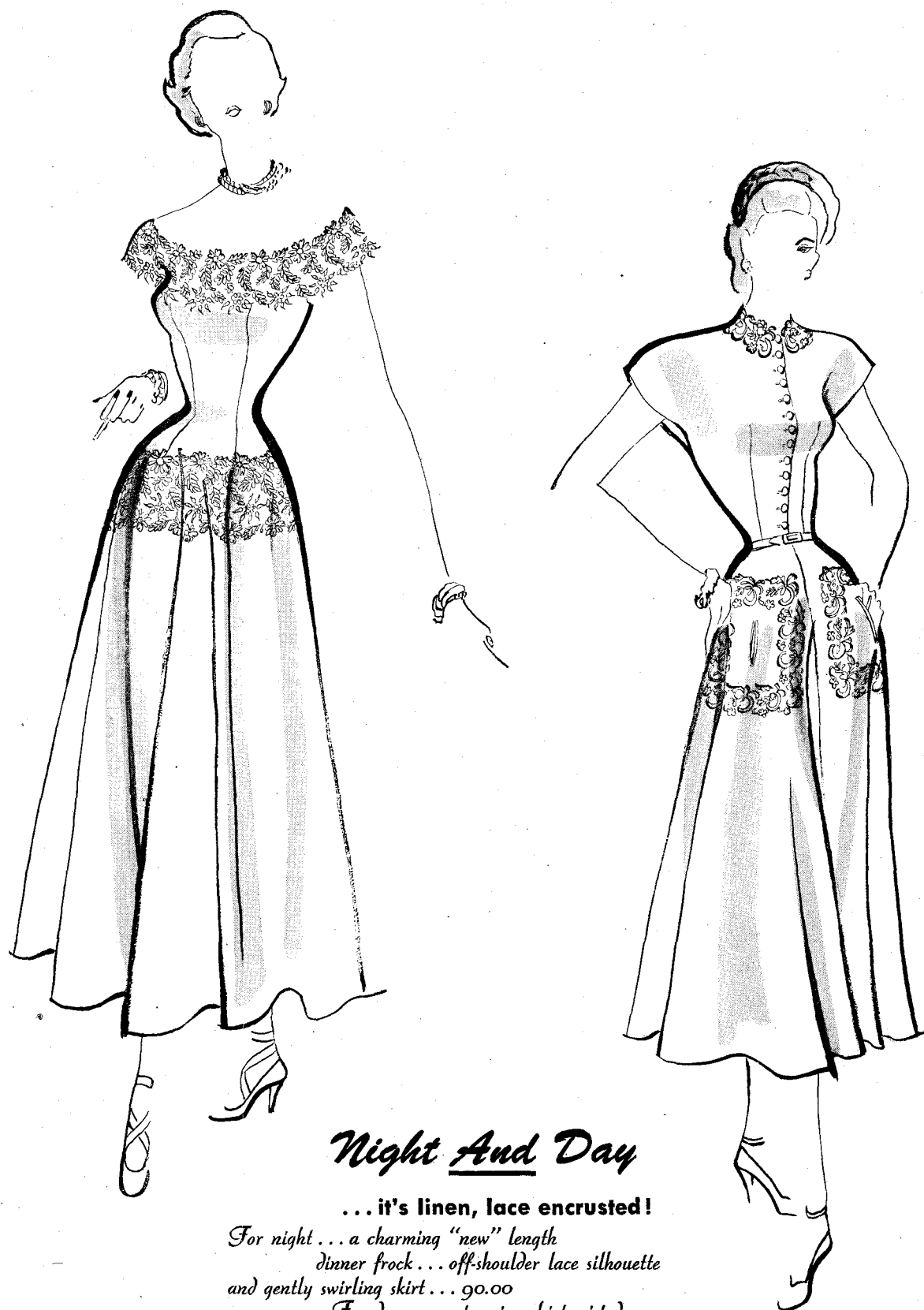
RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

WALTER CASSELL—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 3.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Budapest Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 5:30.)

MIRIAM SOLOVIEFF—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

BUDAPEST QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Monday eve-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, Jan. 12, and Wednesday evening, Jan. 14, both at 8:40.)

JOSEPH SCHUSTER—Cello. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

ELLABELLE DAVIS—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

GDAL SALESKI—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

MAGGIE TEYTE—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

WALTER HAUTZIG—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Rudolf Firkusny will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 18, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 13, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Ella Fitzgerald, and Illinois Jacquet and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 17, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Friday, Jan. 9: Olle Tandberg vs. Joey Maxim, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . Friday, Jan. 16: Tony Janiro vs. Lavern Roach, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—Thursday, Jan. 8: N.Y.U. vs. Duke, and Manhattan vs. West Virginia. . . . Saturday, Jan. 10: C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan, and St. John's vs. St. Joseph's. . . . Tuesday, Jan. 13: C.C.N.Y. vs. Syracuse, and L.I.U. vs. St. Louis. . . . Thursday, Jan. 15: St. John's vs. De Paul, and N.Y.U. vs. North Carolina. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

HOCKEY—Sunday, Jan. 11: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 14: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

INDOOR POLO—Saturday, Jan. 10: Jockey Hollow vs. Squadron A Falcons (a match in the Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament), and another match, to be announced. . . . Saturday, Jan. 17: Jockey Hollow vs. Ramapo (a Tournament match), and another match, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

SNOW TRAINS—Every Friday evening, at 7:05, when snow conditions warrant, a special train will leave Grand Central for Manchester, Vt. The return trip gets to New York Sunday night at 11:30.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. About fifty visitors can attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is "A Trip to Mars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of Bibles in various forms, languages, and editions, including papyrus, Gutenberg, illuminated manuscript, and American Indian. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Boxing memorabilia, including Paul Magriel's collection, and paintings and sculptures of boxers by George Bellows, Mahonri Young, and others. (Weekdays,

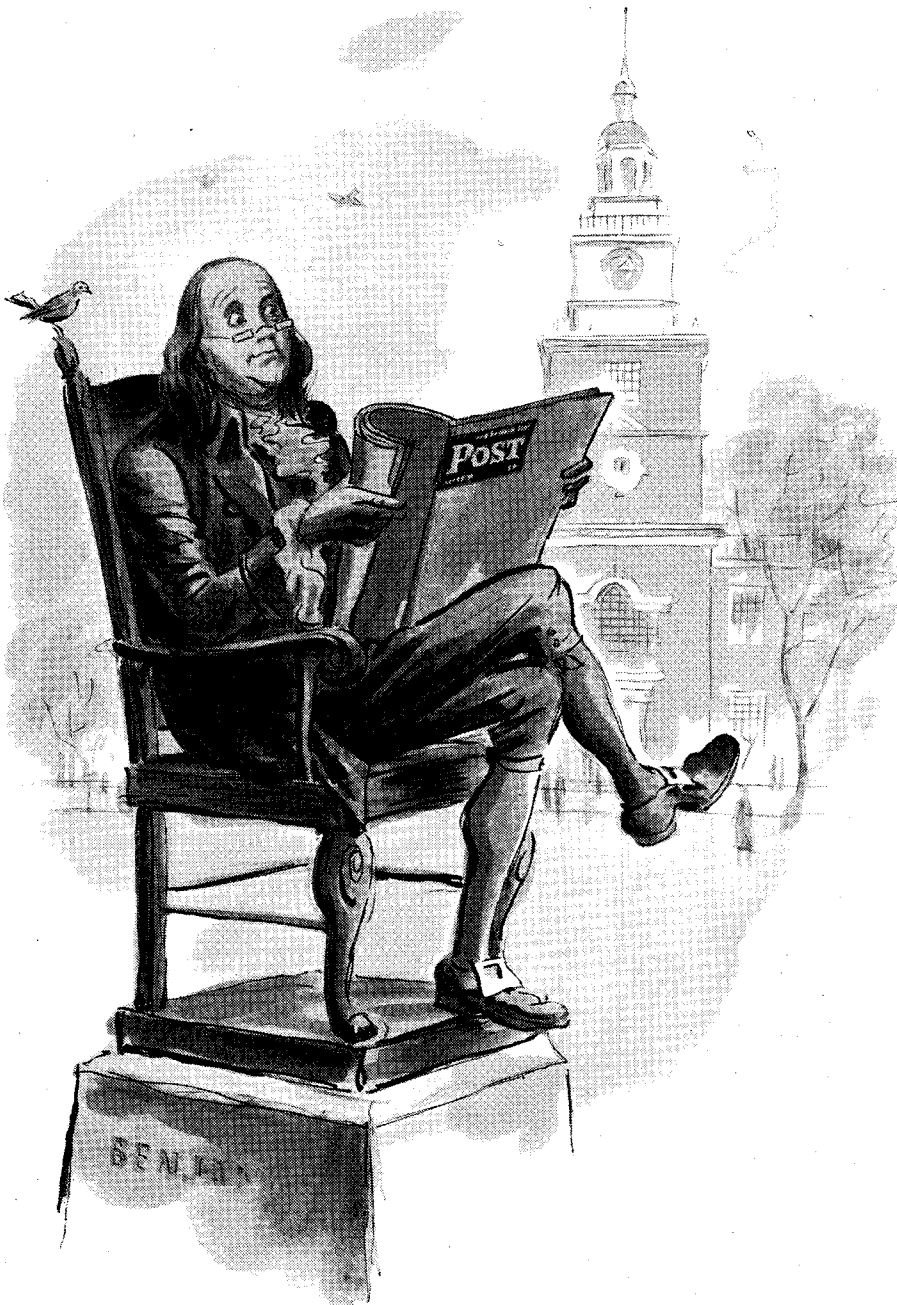
Most of you New Yorker readers probably . . .

also read other magazines. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, for instance. But if you don't, you might want to buy a copy of the current POST because it features an inter-

esting story on this business of investing money—how it's done, what a broker does to earn his living, and so forth. Naturally, we think the article is interesting. It's titled,

somewhat indelicately, "*The Thundering Herd of Wall Street*" and it is focused on us. We'd be just too modest if we didn't say that we hope you read it, because it tells you a lot more about the investment business than we could ever tell you in an ad like this.

If you buy or sell securities—perhaps we should say if you *still* buy or sell securities—you ought to be curious about brokers. Since our slogan has always been "*Investigate then Invest*," it seems altogether proper that your investigation should begin with us. After you have read the POST piece, if there is still some mystery about this business, something you still don't understand, we hope you'll ask us to explain.



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*and New York and Chicago and Dubuque and Hay Center etc., etc.

†Courtesy Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

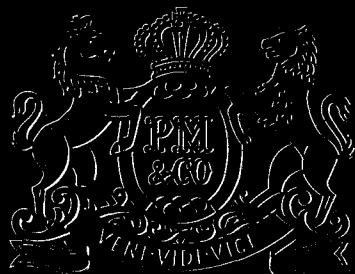
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Park W. at 76th St.—A comprehensive show of Frederic Remington's paintings, drawings, and prints, mostly of Indians and the Old West, along with some of his sketchbooks and letters. . . . Old photographs and maps, in an exhibition marking the fiftieth anniversary of the consolidation of Greater New York. (Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"From the Neck Up," a display of hats, earrings, masks, nose plugs, and innumerable other furbelows of this kind that man—or, more likely, woman—has thought of. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Well, you know the Motor Boat Show: dinghies, outboard racers, marine engines, and all the other appurtenances of nautical life to keep seafarers happy until the spring thaw. This year, there are twenty-eight sailboats in the array, which may or may not indicate a certain lack of technological confidence. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 46th St. Friday, Jan. 9, from 7 to 11 P.M.; Saturday, Jan. 10, and Monday through Saturday, Jan. 12-17, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Queen Anne and Georgian furniture, owned by Mrs. Ad Schulberg and others. (Auction, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, at 2 P.M.) . . . Books on art, autograph letters, and first editions, from the libraries of the late George L. Shearer, Harry Percy David, and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 12-13, at 2 P.M.) . . . Etchings and engravings by Rembrandt, Toulouse-Lautrec, Whistler, and other old and modern masters, owned by the late Elizabeth V. King and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, and Monday, Jan. 12, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 8 P.M.) . . . Chinese and Japanese carvings, porcelains, and other objects of art, owned by Irving Miller and another private collector. (Exhibition, Saturday, Jan. 10, and Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 12-14, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday, Jan. 15, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . A résumé of the day's proceedings is broadcast Mondays through Fridays at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC, and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Louise," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Harshaw, Raoul Jobin, and John Brownlee, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Charles Munch conducting, Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Jan. 13, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, Jan. 11, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Erich Kleiber conducting, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Alexander Hilsberg conducting, Saturday, Jan. 10, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . B.B.C. Symphony, Clarence Raybould conducting, Sunday, Jan. 11, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . Juilliard Orchestra, Edgar Schenkman conducting, Friday, Jan. 9, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Marian Anderson, contralto, Monday, Jan. 12, at 9 P.M., WNBC. . . . Jacques Thibaud, violin, Sunday, Jan. 11, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Sundays at 1:15 P.M., WJZ.

TELEVISION—"The Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Jan. 11, at 4:30 P.M., WNBT. . . . Boxing: Olle Tandberg vs. Joey Maxim, Friday, Jan. 9; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT. . . . Hockey: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sunday, Jan. 11, and Rangers vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Jan. 14, both at 8:25 P.M., WCBS.

Who ever heard of a 10% Response?



**Over one tenth of Woman's Day's
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THE FACTS

Item: A 64 page booklet of crochet instructions.

How much: Twenty cents a copy, postpaid.

Where offered: An advance notice in the September 1947 issue of Woman's Day; an announcement accompanying 8 pages of crochet material in the October issue; a reminder in the November and December issues of Woman's Day.

<u>Rate of Response:</u>	<u>Weekly</u>	<u>Cumulative</u>
Week ending September 5	11,241	11,241
Week ending September 12	13,185	24,426
Week ending September 19	13,371	37,797
Week ending September 26	15,814	53,611
Week ending October 3	44,133	97,744
Week ending October 10	48,804	146,548
Week ending October 17	34,598	181,146
Week ending October 24	25,961	207,107
Week ending October 31	19,188	226,295
Week ending November 7	16,943	243,238
Week ending November 14	14,072	257,310
Week ending November 21	10,678	267,988
Week ending November 28	7,189	275,177
Week ending December 5	7,219	282,396
Week ending December 12	8,414	290,810
Week ending December 19*	4,659	295,469

Where will it stop? Requests still coming in point to a total of more than 330,000.

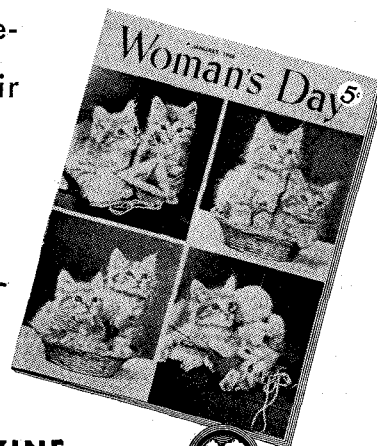
Where do these women live? Strangely enough, they are urban rather than rural. The country's biggest cities produced more than their share of responses.

Would you like a breakdown? Under the direction of Elmo Roper, a breakdown is being made on the pattern of the J. Walter Thompson market areas. This breakdown will be available shortly. Advertisers and their agents may have copies on request.

**As this advertisement goes to press.*

More than 300,000 readers have sent 20c for their copies. Requests are still coming in at nearly 5000 a week. When they taper off the total will exceed 330,000.

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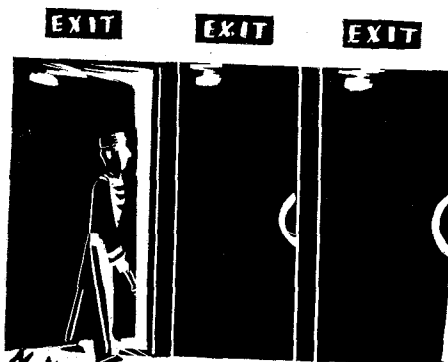


Woman's Day
THE *Respons-able* WOMEN'S SERVICE MAGAZINE

THE  MAGAZINE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

THE FUGITIVE—There is some excellent photography in this adaptation of Graham Greene's novel "The Labyrinthine Ways," but the story, which concerns a priest badgered by the agents of a Central American government, has been almost entirely whittled away. John Ford's direction is rather cumbersome, and the screenplay provided by Dudley Nichols is hardly up to the sort of thing he usually turns out. Henry Fonda, Dolores del Rio, and J. Carroll Naish. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism that, unfortunately, never gets under the surface of the subject. The picture is based on Laura Z. Hobson's novel, and the cast includes Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire, who are often compelled to forgo acting for preaching. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS—A thoroughly satisfactory English job of reworking the novel. The cast is quite wonderful. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 12. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Jan. 9-12.)

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING—This English movie, about a girl in Scotland who is bent on marrying for money, is fairly simple-minded, but there are enough deft touches of humor and local color to more than make up for that. Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA—Dudley Nichols' reverent—perhaps too reverent—adaptation of the O'Neill melodrama. It hasn't much life, despite its inflammable content. Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou head a cast that is competent but not equal to making the film anything like as exciting as the play was. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740. Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and Sundays at 2, 5:15, and 8:30 P.M.)

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY—Most of the old, familiar characters from the novel, presented neatly and fetchingly by a fine cast. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, Bernard Miles, and Alfred Drayton figure prominently in this British importation. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY—As James Thurber's daydreamer, Danny Kaye is often very comic; clarity, however, is not one of the film's outstanding virtues. Virginia Mayo, Boris Karloff, and Fay Bainter are also on hand. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-5566; through Jan. 9. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; through Jan. 13.

triotic Irish girl during the war. An English picture, with Deborah Kerr. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th, WA 7-5200; starting Jan. 14.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 12.)

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's life. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 13.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Jan. 8. . . . Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; Jan. 12-13.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

LOVE ON THE DOLE (1945)—The troubles of the unemployed in an English mill town. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 9.)

LA MATERNELLE (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 13.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Leslie Howard, Merle Oberon, and the French Revolution. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting Jan. 14.)

THE YEARLING (1947)—An adaptation of the novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 14.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting old movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through Jan. 11: "When Tomorrow Comes" (1939), Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer. . . . Starting Jan. 12: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURESS (1947)—A comedy about the anti-British activities of an excessively pa-

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"High Wall," Robert Taylor, Audrey Totter.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"The Senator Was Indiscreet," William Powell, Ella Raines, Peter Lind Hayes.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

GOLDEN, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.

GOTHAM, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Through Jan. 9: "The Fabulous Texan," William Elliott, Catherine McLeod.
From Jan. 10 (tentative): "Women in the Night," Tala Birell.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 4-4600)
"The Paradine Case," Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, Charles Laughton, Ethel Barrymore.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Tycoon," John Wayne, Laraine Day, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Judith Anderson.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)

Through Jan. 13: "Where There's Life," Bob Hope, Signe Hasso.

From Jan. 14 (tentative): "I Walk Alone," Elizabeth Scott, Burt Lancaster.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Captain from Castile," Tyrone Power, Jean Peters.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Jan. 13: "Daisy Kenyon," Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, Henry Fonda.
From Jan. 14 (tentative): "An Ideal Husband," Paulette Goddard, Michael Wilding.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Jan. 13: "This Time for Keeps," Esther Williams, Lauritz Melchior, Jimmy Durante; and "The Arnello Affair," John Hodiak, George Murphy.
From Jan. 14: "Good News," June Allyson, Peter Lawford; and "Murder in Reverse," revival, William Hartnell.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5000)
"My Wild Irish Rose," Dennis Morgan, Andrea King.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
THE FUGITIVE.

WARNER, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5535)
"The Voice of the Turtle," Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, Eve Arden.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"The Exile," Maria Montez, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Jan. 8: "Johnny Frenchman," revival, Françoise Rosay.

Jan. 9-12: **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**.
From Jan. 13: "Magic Town," James Stewart, Jane Wyman.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS, revival; "Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, Jean Cocteau film; and "Lot in Sodom," revival, short Surrealist film.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"The Eternal Return" (in French), another Cocteau piece.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HENRY V, revival.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Panic" (in French), Viviane Romance.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TO LIVE IN PEACE.



In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(Advertisement)



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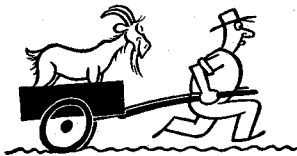
MANHASSET



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MAN in Australia named Ranji Last, we learn from the *Times*, began a twelve-thousand-mile trip around the country by goat cart recently. After a hundred and forty-three miles, the goat's feet gave out and he put the goat in the cart, grabbed



the shafts, and started to do the pulling himself. Interviewed in Brisbane after he had covered two hundred and sixty-five miles, or almost twice as much as the goat had, Last said his feet were in fine shape and he was determined to cover the remaining 11,592 miles of the trip, even if he had to make the entire distance without the goat's help. This information, coming, as it does, with the hopeful New Year, renews our faith in that poor, bare, forked animal, man, and inclines us to believe, with Hamlet, that man is actually a rather remarkable piece of work. We have been bullish about man ever since, some time back, we learned from an essay by J.B.S. Haldane, "On Being the Right Size," that the reputed muscular superiority of such jumping animals as the flea is erroneous, and that a flea the size and weight of Haldane would scarcely be able to lift itself off the ground. Since then, Bergen Evans and similar authorities have added the assurance that man is one of the largest, strongest, swiftest, fiercest, and naturally best-equipped of the carnivores. Finally, Mr. Last and his goat come to add the crowning touch—evidence that man's superior strength and endurance have not made him snobbish.

RECENT developments in beekeeping in the Soviet Union and the United States are as pretty an example

as anyone needs of the difference between the societies in which they have arisen. In Russia, Eugene V. Arafev received a Stalin prize for his work in speeding up honey production by the artificial insemination of queen bees, producing vitamin honey and medicinal honey, and for discovering that bees can exist in a hive without ventilation. In America, E. C. Close, of California, applied for a patent, or Truman prize, on his process for producing honey in six delicious flavors and colors—strawberry, maple, chocolate, lemon, pineapple, and mint.

BROOKS BROTHERS has been undergoing a trial, which we recount here with sympathy. It seems that the firm decided impulsively to fill at Christmastime a lot of shirt orders that had been lying around since the days of the big shortage, and a well-meaning official, pulsing with good will to all men, gave instructions that a card reading "Merry Christmas—Brooks Brothers" was to be enclosed with each such delivery. Well, there have been repercussions. One Brooks customer of twenty-five years' standing, who had ordered three button-down oxford shirts a year and a half ago and long since forgotten all about it, assumed at first that his shirts were a present from some member of his family, an impractical tribe, who had neglected to enclose a personal card, and he questioned a number of relatives, em-



barrassing two aunts who had inadvertently left him off their Christmas lists. The man concluded that the shirts were a gift from the store itself—a token, probably, of its appreciation of his long and faithful patronage, and he said as much to a fellow he was lunching with. The other man blew up at once. *He* had been a Brooks customer for

thirty years, he said, and, moreover, had two grown sons, who had gone to Brooks for their first Eton jackets, and not one of them had received so much as an ascot tie from the store; he was going over and tell them what he thought of their practices. Eventually, the three-shirt man checked with Brooks, and was reminded of the order he had placed, but by then the damage had been done to his aunts, to his friend, to Brooks, and to his own peace of mind. Multiply his experience by that of all the men who got shirts and were similarly perplexed and frustrated until the first of the month brought their bills, and then add the shock resulting from the revelation that they'd been charged for the merchandise, and you'll have an idea of what's been happening.

WE'VE collected some statistics on the great snow of '47 that can readily be committed to memory and used to support an argument any time after, say, 1957 that winters aren't what they used to be. In the first place, the Weather Bureau's official measurement for the entire city stands at 25.8 inches, although the snow was admittedly deeper in parts of Manhattan and in certain other areas.* This is not only a new over-all record but, of course, a record for any twenty-four-hour period in local meteorological history. The previous twenty-four-hour high was not, as you might think, set by the Blizzard of March 12 and 13, 1888, but on February 17 and 18, 1893. Veterans of the Blizzard, however, are said to be taking comfort from the fact that error may have crept into the observation of *their* storm. The Weather Bureau staff of that time admitted that its equipment broke down.

On the other hand, while anemometers and so on may have given way, the method of measuring the depth of a snowfall was the same then as now, and consisted merely of sticking a ruler into a level patch of snow. During the recent storm, a lady employee of the Weather

Bureau darted out of the Whitehall Building every hour and stuck a yardstick into what last summer was a grassy plot in Battery Park to take the official measurements. The storm began at 3:20 A.M. on December 26th, took a twenty-minute recess from 9:10 P.M. to 9:30 P.M., and ended at 3:05 A.M. on December 27th. Battery Park being the official measurement spot, the figure of the snowfall there is the one that will stand in history, but the Bureau calculates that the mean depth for Manhattan was probably around 26.1 inches, a figure arrived at by averaging the Battery Park depth with the measurement at the substation in Central Park and a measurement made by a Weather Bureau man in Washington Heights. All Weather Bureau personnel help out during snowstorms by taking measurements wherever they are and turning their figures in at the office. Thus, the Weather Bureau got depths of 25.0 inches for Richmond, 25.0 for the Bronx, 24.6 for Queens, and 27.8 for Brooklyn. The highest figure reported in the metropolitan area came from a meteorologist in Yonkers, whose yardstick showed 30.5 inches.

The rule of thumb for estimating the weight of snow is to convert it into water in the ratio of ten to one. (Water weighs 62.5 pounds per cubic foot.) Actually, however, the weight depends on whether the flakes are large and wet or dry and small; for this particular fall, Benjamin Parry, the chief meteorologist, computes the ratio as seven to one, which would make a cubic yard of snow weigh—let's see—241.07 pounds. On that basis, the total tonnage for all boroughs comes to 85,157,471.14 tons. This may be taken as a second thought on Mayor O'Dwyer's 99,000,000-ton figure.

Any snowfall on which the Department of Sanitation has to spend funds is designated a storm. The December 26th fall is carried on the books as Storm No. 3 of the 1947-48 season, although in the two earlier storms the only outlay was for salt. When No. 3 started, the Department had on hand 20,208 picks, 11,080 scoop shovels, 14,626 pan scrapers, 48 rotary snow brooms, 180 flusher-trucks (used for plowing), 552 crosswalk plows, 115 salt-spreaders, 40 wreckers, 1,385 trucks for plowing and collecting, and 178 pieces of snow-loading apparatus. Not enough. Several hundred hired and borrowed trucks, bulldozers, and cranes were added, and during the first week of snow removal forty per cent was hauled off by private contractors. By December 30th, the Department of

Sanitation had 31,000 men working for it but hadn't collected any garbage. New Year's Day, 27,000 men were still shovelling snow. By Monday, January 5th, the number had dropped to 12,000. The number of stranded vehicles had dropped from 9,220, as of December 29th, when the police made their first tally, to about six hundred by January 3rd. On the whole, Nature was kind to the city on the days following the big fall. Temperatures were reasonably high, and on one day the sun was out for ninety-two per cent of its maximum time and, by Weather Bureau measurements, melted an inch and a half of snow. One rainy day accounted for six-tenths of an inch. Property damage amounted to \$20,000,000 in '88, but this time it was light. In '88, an ice floe got jammed just below Brooklyn Bridge, and three thousand people walked across the ice from Brooklyn to Manhattan during the two hours before the tide turned and the floe broke loose. Nothing like that happened this time. You can't have every-



ONE of the stories of the night of the big snow we heard last week was about a Westchester commuter, of the steady, reliable sort, who got through a telephone call to his wife and told her he'd arranged to spend the night in town. "Are you sure you'll be all right, darling?" he asked. "Perfectly, sweetheart," she answered. "Two United Parcel men are spending the night here."

A Dragon That Can Act

A WRITER for this magazine had occasion a few weeks ago to speak of the ancient bundle of canvas and rubber hose the Met has seen fit to fob off for thirty-seven years as Fafner, the wicked dragon who gets his comeuppance in the second act of "Siegfried." We're glad to say that Lee Simonson has worked up new sets and props for all four operas in the "Ring" cycle, and that among them is a Fafner calculated to make the firmest Scarsdale flesh in the Family Circle creep with horror. The new monster will have his debut on the 21st inst., and we've been down to the cave of Messrs. Messmore and Damon, on West Twenty-seventh Street, for a sneak preview. This company manufactures all kinds of engaging wonders, from mechanical clowns to miniature cows that give Martinis instead of milk, and a Wagnerian dragon is just its dish.

Mr. George H. Messmore led us to one corner of a large, cluttered workroom, and there, looking powerful enough to go the distance even with a heavyweight like Melchior, stood the new Fafner, with a lady in a flowered smock pinning little gold-colored discs to his stomach. He gave us quite a turn. Messmore manipulated some strings dangling out of a hole in Fafner's head, and his lower jaw dropped suddenly, showing his fangs; his forked tongue shot out and flicked angrily up and down; and his horrendous eyes rolled in their sockets. "Look at those teeth," Messmore said with satisfaction. "Solid maple. They can bite, too." We congratulated him on his achievement and asked if it was the firm's first experience with dragons. "Yes and no," he replied. "Years ago, we made some full-size dinosaurs—brontosaurus, tyrannosaurs, and a stegosaurus. The stegosaurus is the only reptile with two brains. He's got one in his head and one in his rear axle. We showed them at the Chicago Fair. The brontosaurus would nod or shake his head when people asked him questions. Required seventeen electric motors to run him." The lady in the flowered smock took some pins out of her mouth and said, "I made a dragon once—operated by thirty-six Roxyettes." Before we could think up a reply, Lee Simonson bustled into the room, threw back his head as he caught sight of his brain child, and exclaimed, "God, it's terrific! It ought to give people hysterics. The old Fafner acted as if he had locomotor ataxia. Besides, he was so far upstage that lots of people couldn't see him at all." Simonson told us that he is breaking with Wagnerian tradition by moving Fafner's cave, from which he emerges to do battle with Siegfried, as far downstage as possible. "While he's talking with Siegfried," Simonson said, "one paw will be dangling right down in the orchestra pit. Notice that the claws have rubber tips, so Melchior won't get his face scratched."

The new dragon is actually in two sections. The head and trunk will be seen downstage and the tail upstage, both parts so arranged that they disappear into the wings, giving the impression that they meet offstage and form a dragon of epic proportions. The old Fafner had two men inside. His successor will be operated by one man, in the trunk. The tail, which is of foam rubber, will be twitched by a stagehand in the wings. At appropriate moments, real steam will spout in twin jets from Fafner's nostrils. "They've tried chemical smoke," Simonson said, "but it

makes some of the singers cough. We could have tapped the Met's steampipes, but we wanted something we could take on the road, so we ended up with a portable steam generator, the kind tailors use. That does the trick." The new Fafner's voice will, as before, come from a singer offstage. Fafner is costing the Met two thousand dollars and is, so Simonson says, a cross between a Central American iguana and a brontosaurus. "The thing I was trying for," he told us, "was a dragon that could really act. That was what Wagner wanted, after all." "I've got a mechanical hootchy-kootchy dancer that can really act," Messmore remarked eagerly.

Reminder

AFTER a lecture at the Harvard Medical School by a visiting professor of bacteriology, a student happened to pass behind the speaker's platform and to pick up from the floor a crumpled piece of paper that turned out to bear the lecturer's notes. It was a conventionally cryptic document, the young man reports to us, except for one notation, printed with a blue pencil in large block letters: "SPEAK LOUD, SLOW, CONFIDENTLY." The "confidently" was double-underlined.

Conscious

THE Merchant Tailors and Designers Association of America chose Governor Dewey as one of the ten best-dressed men in the country a few years ago, and this somewhat astonished Mr. Samuel Harris, his tailor, who rates him high, as a man who knows what he wants, but not that high. For one thing, there is—with the exception of a small, non-visible feature—nothing unusual about the Governor's suits and topcoats, and as for quantity he's hardly what you'd call a clotheshorse. We have had a talk with Mr. Harris, whose shop is on the second floor of 43 East Fifty-ninth Street, about his distinguished customer. He told us that the business was founded by his grandfather in 1859 and that Dewey has been a customer

since 1927, when he came in on the recommendation of a friend, whose name Harris doesn't recall. At that time, Dewey was practicing law at 120 Broadway and was strictly a single-breasted man. Six or seven years ago, Harris got him to switch to double-breasted suits, and, except in summer, Dewey has stuck to double-breasted ever since. Save for this change, Harris said, the Governor has stood pat, except that he went along with the herd when wider trouser bottoms came in. "The

Governor is what I call a clothes-conscious man," Harris said, and paused to allow the observation time to sink in. "He knows exactly what he wants and what to wear at the right time, with my advice. He is a conservative dresser—not ultra, but some style. He likes the darker cloths—blues, grays, and an occasional brown. He likes to wear tails."

Harris told us that Dewey's shoulders are exactly the same distance from the ground, and that his hips are, too, and that this is true of only one man



"On the other hand, if you let the dividends accumulate, you can retire at the age of twenty-three."

in ten. His chest has expanded from thirty-eight inches, in 1927, to a current forty-one inches, and his waist from twenty-nine inches to thirty-five and a half. Harris considers this normal development. "When he first came to me, he was in fine condition," he said. "A wonderful squash player. He is still in fine condition." There's little or no padding in Dewey's suits, which are of a two-button design with extended lapels. The minor oddity that we spoke about earlier is that the Governor has his jackets made with three inside pockets—or that Harris makes them that way. There's one on the right, where an inside pocket always is; one on the left, directly opposite; and a third just below this left one. Such an arrangement is common in England, and Harris recommends it to important customers, who presumably carry around a lot of papers.

He calls the lower left-hand pocket a ticket pocket, but we're told by someone close to the Governor that he uses it for a thin notebook and that he doesn't use the upper left pocket at all. Dewey has a particular pocket for everything he carries.

As nearly as Mr. Harris could figure out, the Governor has seventeen business suits (twelve for winter and five for summer), two sets of tails, two regular dinner jackets, a white summer dinner jacket, a cutaway, a morning suit, three sports coats, numerous flannel slacks, two topcoats, and two chesterfields. He wears the chesterfields only in extremely cold weather. Mrs. Dewey, who often accompanies the Governor to Harris's and helps him pick out materials, keeps his clothes in excellent shape and sees to it that he changes his suit every day. He orders four suits a

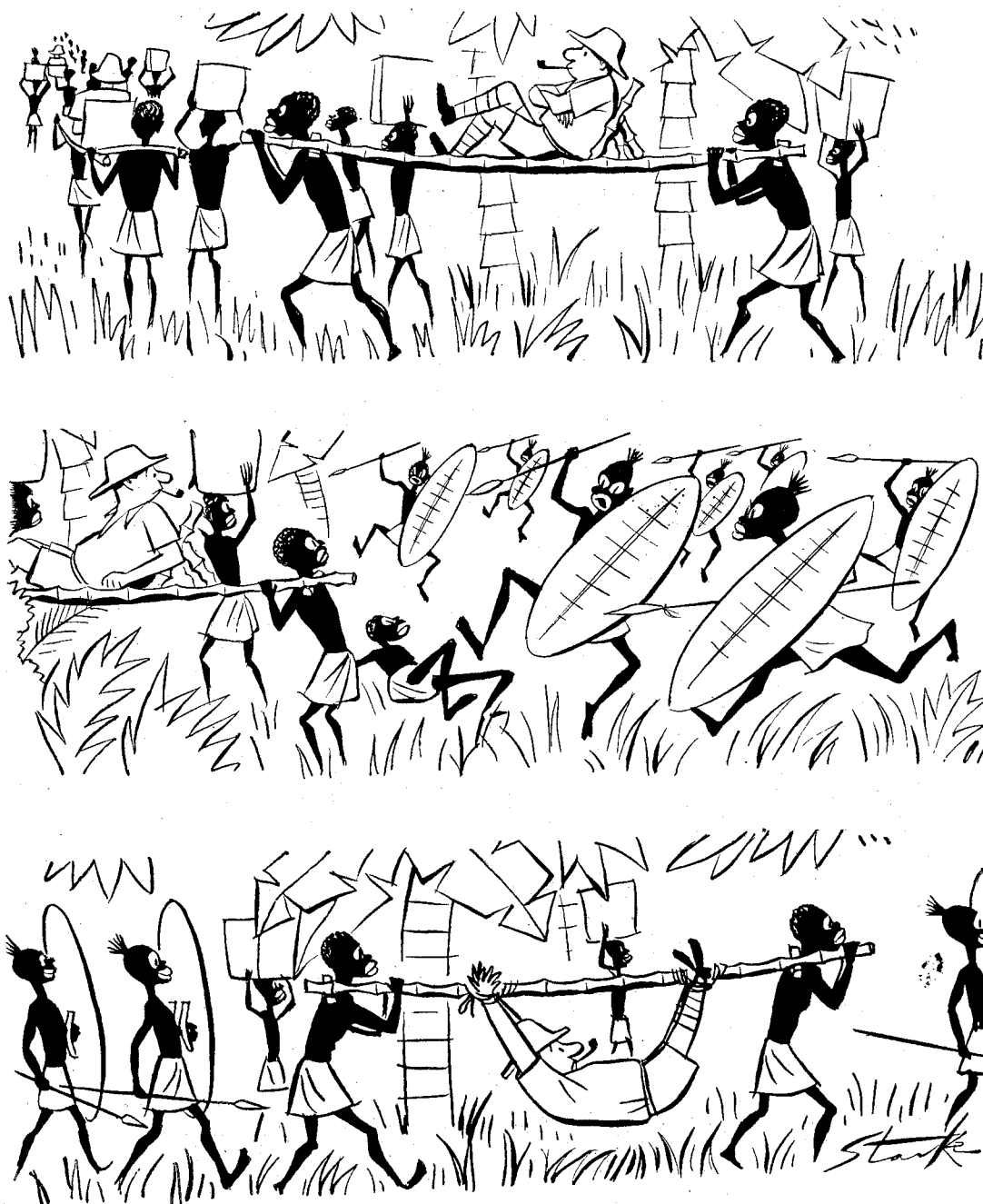
year and gives them away as soon as they begin to show wear. "Last week," Harris told us, "he gave an old worsted to a man at the Roosevelt. He's good about that. He'll give a suit to anybody with a hard-luck story, or who he thinks needs it." Harris had two orders of the Governor's in the works at the time of our call—a double-breasted blue-gray sharkskin suit with a half-inch blue stripe, and an oxford-gray cheviot topcoat. As to price, these were in what Mr. Harris calls the medium field—\$110 to \$150. "I happen to make clothes for the Honorable Anthony Biddle, John Davis, Winthrop Aldrich, and a lot of other people who dress for dinner," Harris said. "I must say the Governor doesn't dress for dinner, but he never makes a mistake. Saw a picture in the papers a while back of him and some other dignitaries greeting a cardinal. Forrester, who's also one of my customers, was wearing a tuxedo. All wrong. The Governor was wearing tails. Proper."

Filial

LADY just returned from the Coast reports to us that on the train from San Francisco she shared a table in the diner one evening with three extraordinarily fat, gray-haired men, obviously brothers, only one of whom was able to speak much English. During a conversation that this one struck up with her, he revealed that he and his brothers were Basques and that they had come to this country in 1915, had been raising sheep in California ever since, had prospered, and were now starting the long journey to their birthplace. The lady remarked that this was perhaps not an ideal time to visit Europe. The man gave her a shy smile. "Our old mama, she write," he said. "She say her roof leak. She say for us to come quick and fix it. So we go."

Sacrifice

A FRIEND in radio recently informed us that his industry is backing the President's food-conservation program to the limit—or at any rate to the point at which real pies are no longer being



thrown in people's faces in an audience-participation program called "County Fair." "They're throwing imitation pies!" our friend said in considerable excitement, and urged us to look into the matter. We've done so, with the assistance of a gentleman named Billy Becher, who has been prop man for "County Fair" ever since he got his discharge from the Field Artillery, in March, 1946. The program is broadcast by C.B.S. every Saturday afternoon from one-thirty to two, is sponsored by the Borden Company, and, Mr. Becher explained, consists of rumpus and con acts. In a characteristic "County Fair" rumpus act, the participants engage in a game of musical chairs, in the course of which, when the music stops, they plunge into bathtubs full of water; in a typical con act, one contestant is conned into hitting another contestant in the face with a pie. On one occasion, an insurance salesman and his wife were plucked from the audience, and the salesman was sold a fifty-cent pie-insurance policy by the M.C., the policy entitling the beneficiary—the man's wife—to fifty dollars if he should be hit in the face with a pie during the program. The M.C. then handed the wife a pie and let nature take its course. This is known as the "love-or-greed" plot, and is used in any number of variations in "County Fair." Love, Becher told us, has yet to triumph. The nearest it ever came to winning out was when a wife hit her husband in the chest with a pie, screaming, with tears coursing down her cheeks, that she didn't have the heart to hit him in the face with it.

Well, it's easy to see that pies play a key part in "County Fair," and when Truman called on the people to cut down on waste, the producers of the show were in a hole. Becher thereupon volunteered to invent an ersatz pie, as fluffy and throwable as the real thing. "My experiments covered a wide range," he said. "I wanted to line up three staple imitation pies—lemon, custard, and mince. We make a point of throwing mince on special occasions like Thanksgiving and Christmas. I tried barium sulphate as a substitute for lemon filling, but I found that when it was thrown, it wouldn't stick on the recipi-

ent's face. Same drawback to wet cow mash, which had me excited for a while. Finally, I hit on library paste as my basic ingredient. I don't feel I've found the perfect imitation pie, by any means, but I *do* feel that library paste is unbeatable as the basic ingredient."

We asked Becher for his recipe for imitation lemon-meringue pie, and he gave us the following:

FILLING FOR PIE

2 handfuls shredded white crêpe paper.
½ jar library paste (ten-cent size).
Yellow Easter-egg dye.

MERINGUE

2 teaspoonfuls granulated Williams' shaving soap.
½ cup warm water.

Mix ingredients in Seltzer bottle and squirt on pie. Dust on small quantity of light-sepia pastel chalk to achieve baked effect.

Becher makes a convincing custard pie by using a slightly lighter coloring. His mince is chiefly sawdust and brown pine chips. When genuine pies were used on "County Fair," he had to pay about sixty cents apiece for them. His most expensive inedible pie, the lemon meringue, costs only about sixteen cents for ingredients. He feels that he is

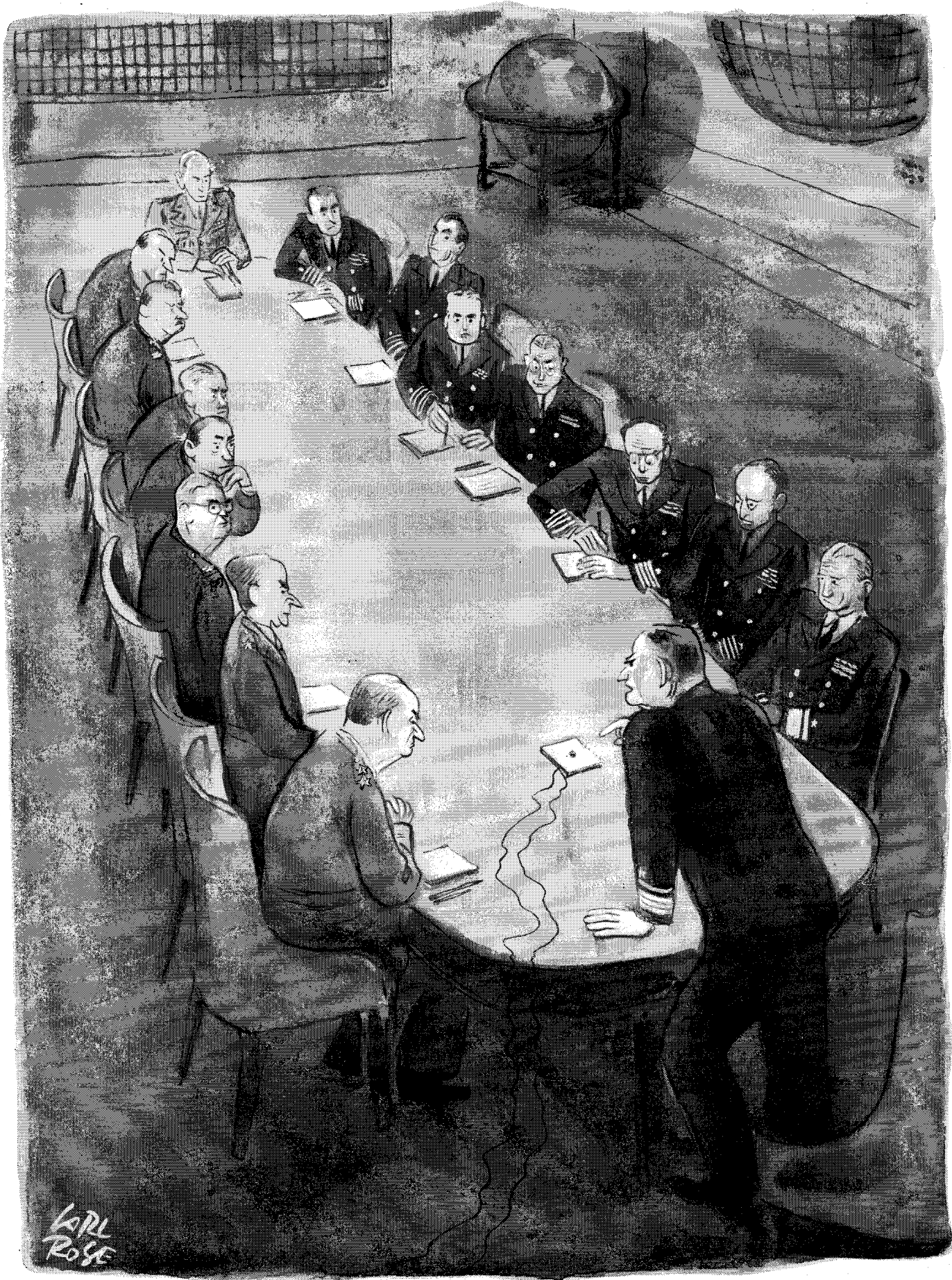
fighting inflation as well as conserving food. Sometimes, Becher not only makes pies but throws them. He finds surprisingly little resentment on the part of the "recipients." "I always go up afterward and shake hands and apologize," he said. "There's nothing like pie for comedy, you know. It's the best portable punishment. We've tried water, feathers, flour, pot cheese, yogurt, everything, but we always come back to pie. That's why I'm so glad my imitation pies are proving the equal of real ones." He told us that during one show he was himself hit by a pie, and liked it. "A nice, soft feeling," he said.

Ideal Gift

A GENTLE old lady in Greenwich, yielding to the trend of the times, sent her grandniece a Sparkle Plenty doll for Christmas. She was in prompt receipt of a note of acknowledgment from the young lady, as follows: "Dear Auntie Martha, Thank you so much for the doll. I am making a dress for her. I do not know when it will be finished. She is a super doll to hang out the window and torture."



"There I was, the snow up to my knees and still falling steadily, and three more blocks to the Eighty-sixth Street subway station."



"Now, gentlemen, any practical consideration of push-button warfare must begin with one basic operational technique."

NIL NISI

ALL morning and all afternoon a Coast Guard plane, sometimes two, had been flying low over the sea, circling, making eights around imaginary pylons. Half a dozen powerboats, some official and some private, stood by or cruised in a small area. A commercial diver sat in the stern of one boat, wearing his suit, but puffing on a pipe while his helmet lay on the deck and he awaited the order to descend. In the morning, people stayed out of the ocean, partly through fear, but mostly out of decent respect for the woman whose body had not been found. They stood around awkwardly, looking toward the focal point, a Coast Guard cutter, and conversed in subdued tones, even, or perhaps especially, the few small children. A couple of times when pieces of driftwood the size of a railroad tie were washed up on the sand, it was an adult and not a child who cried out. At lunchtime nearly all the people on the beach went to their houses or to the Club. It was not a very good day for the beach, but the sun did appear, weakly, at about one-thirty. By three o'clock there was a larger crowd on the beach than there had been in the morning, word of the drowning having reached everyone on the island by that time, and only a few persons were not in bathing dress. Someone said, "If they haven't found her by now I don't think they ever will, not around here." This thought was acceptable to most of the people in swim suits and a large number of them went in the water.

George Whittier's house was less than a hundred yards up the beach from the point off which the cutter was standing by, and since nine-o'clock breakfast he had been watching the goings on from the roof. There were chairs and pillows and a *hikiee* on the roof so that he and his wife and their guests could take sun baths. It was no day for sun-bathing, and in any case Whittier's right arm was partly enclosed in a cast. He had broken a small bone in his wrist while trying to crank McCandless's Bugatti. Whittier had got the news of the drowning from Edgar, the colored houseman, who had to help him with breakfast. Edgar spread the marmalade on the toast and opened the eggs. "They was a lady drown last evening," said Edgar.

"Where? Here?"

"Es, sir, somewheres right off the Hobson property. Your Mrs. Chaplin or Chapman, whatever the name is.

Took place somewheres around eight o'clock last evening, near as I can find out."

"Mrs. Chapman? Good Lord! How'd it happen, Edgar? Did you hear? There's nobody in the Hobsons' house now."

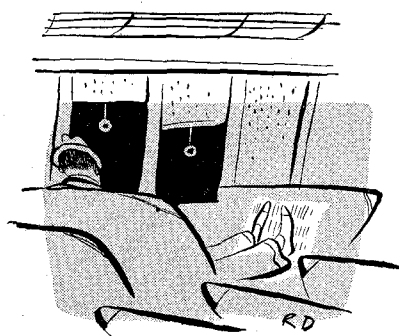
"No, sir. They arrive Friday," said Edgar. "According to all the information I received, this lady and gentleman decided to go for a swim around eight o'clock last evening and it was mighty rough all day yesterday, and I guess eight o'clock, it may be she ate an early dinner and went in with a full stomach. Very likely got awful cramps and the gentleman couldn't save her. People rented the house next door to the Hobsons', they was seated having their dinner and heard the gentleman calling for help. They got a son, strong young fellow about twenty years of age, and he dashed right out and just thrun his coat on the sand there and removed his trousers and I imagine took off his shoes and dove right in that ocean and swam out there lookin' for who was looking for help. Just about pitch dark then, you know."

"Uh huh."

"He located the gentleman and brought him back, half drowned, but no sign of the lady. They never did hear the lady calling for help. According to my way of thinking, maybe she had one of these heart attacks and, glub, down she goes. They got the sheriff and the Coast Guard, but she was gone. Yes, sir, *she was gone*. They was up all night, though. They stayed right on the job. They're out there now. You and Mrs. Whittier and Mr. and Mrs. McCandless, you was in Palm Beach, and I guess that's how you didn't hear nothing about it. I didn't hear nothing myself till I went up the Club to fetch the mail."

"I saw lights on the beach, but I thought it was a picnic."

"Some picnic," said Edgar. He held a light for Whittier's cigarette. "They got must be a dozen or more boats out



there lookin', and an areoplane flying around since early morning."

"I was wondering what the plane was doing."

"I never been up in one of those, but that ain't gonna do much good, that areoplane. Not the way that ocean is acting up. Too dirty to see anything no matter how high up or how low. Poor Mrs. Chapman, she'll probably get washed up at Daytona, or Stuart. Better be Stuart. I don't see them fish leaving her alone till she get to Daytona."

"Who?" said Ann Whittier, appearing at the door in her dressing gown.

"Sit down and eat your breakfast and I'll tell you later."

She slumped into a chair. "All I want is some tea and lemon. Those planters' punches! Just some tea, please, Edgar." Edgar went to the kitchen. "Did you hear me upchucking? About three or four o'clock. Some people were having a beach picnic at that hour. I wonder who."

"Some picnic," said Whittier.

"Hmm? You sound grim. What is it?"

"Millicent Chapman was drowned last night. The lights on the beach were people looking for her body. Apparently they haven't found her yet." He told her what Edgar had told him. She drank her tea slowly.

"I wonder who the man was," she said.

"Probably Ed. Ed Willard. Or Charlie Fox. We'll find out in a few minutes."

"Whoever it was, it was a dirty, nasty thing to do to him. And typical. Characteristic."

"You mean you think she committed suicide?" said Whittier.

"Of course she did, and just like those people that jump out of buildings and kill people walking on the street. If people are going to commit suicide, all right, that's their privilege, but why involve other people? Like that what's-his-name friend of yours that shot himself with his wife in the next room. Messing up other people's lives. Selfish, inconsiderate, just because they can't take it themselves."

Whittier studied his wife for a moment. "I'll find out who was with her. Will you dial the Club for me?" They left the dining room and she dialled the number.

"This is Mr. Whittier, Frank. Do you happen to know who was with Mrs. Chapman when she drowned? ... I see. Thank you." He hung up. "It was Ed Willard." He studied her again. "I

should have found out where he is. Do you want me to?"

"Not particularly. There's nothing we can do, and if he was as badly off as Edgar thinks, the doctor probably gave him something to put him to sleep."

"I suppose so," said Whittier.

"I guess we'll have to tell Mac and Betty. They're planning to play golf with me. Still, I don't know why they shouldn't play. They didn't know her. Just met her to say how-do-you-do to."

"We didn't know her so well either, but I don't think you ought to play golf."

"Why not?"

"Well—she's been here. We've entertained her. We've seen a lot of her every time we come down here."

"Yes, for two or three years, but in a small place like this you can't be very selective. The hell with her. I'm going to play if Mac and Betty feel like it."

"No, I don't want you to. You'll be the only people on the golf course, and I think Mac and Betty'll understand if you don't. They've some sense of the fitness of things."

"Even if I haven't. All right. What are we supposed to do? All put on bathing suits and go out and dive for her? Or wear black or something? You could be a little more considerate of your guests, if you ask me. You with your hand, you can't do anything anyway, so everybody else has to be marooned in this house while you go into deep mourn-

ing." She sang the words of the hymn: "For those in per-rill on the sea."

"God damn it, this isn't the only golf course in Florida. Take Mac and Betty to Palm Beach and we won't tell them anything about Millicent."

"All right, I will. What about you?"

"I'll stay here. Naturally, with my hand and so forth."

"You want to be alone," she said.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, that'd suit me fine," he said. They glared at each other and then he went to the roof. About an hour later, leaning against the parapet and watching the search, he heard the departure of his car.

He stayed on the roof all day and most of the time he looked out at the little fleet. He had Edgar bring up binoculars along with the sandwich and coffee he ordered for lunch, and every now and then, when the boats seemed to be gathering together, he would look through the glasses to see what he could see, but there was nothing new—only more of the same. Still, he stayed on the roof, because he had things to think about.

UNTIL Ann had mentioned her suicide theory, he had not given suicide a thought, but after the word had been spoken (and he had been the first to speak it), he believed nothing else.

"I like you," Millicent Chapman had said. "I never thought I would."

That had been on the train going North almost a year before, when his winter vacation was at an end.

"What's different about me now?"

"Your mind's on your work," she had said. "Instead of being on a train, you're practically in your office. Florida's nothing to you."

"Florida's a hell of a lot to me," he had said. "So is Maine."

"I don't believe it. Your work's the most important thing in the world to you."

"No. If I could make as much money playing golf as I do practicing law, there's no doubt in my mind which I'd choose."

"Naturally," she had said. "But you can't. Hogan and Snead and those people, the top ones, can't make as much money as you do, and don't tell me you'd like to be one of them and scale your living accordingly. You'd rather be what you are, a successful lawyer. Let me like that about you, will you, please?"

"Why, sure. Only you're wrong. From now on, I'll be thinking of Maine. After Maine, I'll start thinking about Florida."

She had shaken her head. "My life is, what you think you like. No work. All play. Dull girl."

"No, not a dull girl. Will I be seeing you in New York?"

"You know you will, as much as you like. I was going to Arizona next week, but now I won't."

He had seen her in New York, but after a week she had called him at his office to talk of love, and that night he had told her, angrily, never to do that again. "All right," she had said. "You can go home now, and I can go to Arizona tomorrow. Go on, go home."

"Don't be unreasonable."

"Go home!"

In the hall that night, waiting for the elevator, he had been glad to be out of it with so little damage done, but months later, in Maine, he often thought of the coming autumn in New York and the inevitability of seeing her again, even though he had heard nothing from her.

In the fall, he had written for her at restaurants, and the did not see her again. Florida, in his own house, the first afternoon of his



colean

winter vacation. "Ed Willard and Charlie Fox are coming for dinner," Ann had said. "And Millicent Chapman and a new couple from Chicago, very nice, named Valentine."

"That'll be nice," he had said, and it was. It gave him a chance to talk to Millicent. She rode with him after dinner when they all went to a party up the beach.

"I'm awfully glad you're here, Millicent."

"I'm here because I knew you'd be here. Otherwise I hate the place. The phony simple life. I'm going to Palm Beach tomorrow afternoon and I'll be there tomorrow and the next day and the next, too, for that matter, if you like. It's somebody I know named Sylvia Crown and she won't be there. Are you interested?"

"Yes."

"At least one day come, whenever you can make it. Please? I love you. I won't leave the house."

But he had not gone. Two or three times he could have gone. Once, in fact, Ann had asked him to go to West Palm Beach to the hardware store and he had told her to send Edgar. On the fourth day, Millicent had appeared on the beach, and she had been there every day thereafter, and he had never been alone with her again. She had seen to that.

IT was getting dark when he heard his car, and in a few minutes Ann and the McCandlesses trooped up to the roof.

"Have you been up here all day?" said Ann. She glanced at the binoculars, which were hanging around his neck.

"Yes. They still haven't found her," said Whittier.

"That's a morbid occupation," said Ann. "I told Betty and Mac that a swim'd be out of the question, so we're having drinks up here. Unless that's out of the question, too?"

He ignored her. "What would you like, Betty? How about you, Mac?" They told him what they wanted and he called down to Edgar for the ingredients. He again addressed the McCandlesses inquiring about their golf, and they were voluble about that. Edgar brought the Martini things and

placed them on the table. "Understand they recovered Mrs. Chapman," he said.

"Oh? Where?" said Ann. They all looked out to the boats.

He laughed. "Oh, them boats. You don't see no Coast Guard boat out there. Cutter, he went down the island about four-five mile. He got the instructions by the radio when they found her. Them boats don't know about her yet, but I do. Up at the Club, they know, but them boats don't know. They got her about an hour ago. Frank at the Club told me she was—" He hesitated and looked at Whittier.

"What?" said Ann.

"Like I was afraid of, Mr. Whittier. You recollect my fears if she had to go all the way to Daytona?"

"Oh, God," said Whittier.

"Mutilated?" said Ann.

"Yes, Ma'am. Some. Not altogether. I didn't see her personally, but according to Frank. He didn't see her either, but according to the way he heard it..." He left.

Ann sat down and lit a cigarette. She gazed at it reflectively. "I suppose that more or less disproves my suicide theory," she said.

"How so?" said Whittier.

"A woman as vain as she was, about

her looks, she'd take into consideration that—well, just what happened. The fishes'd chew her up."

"Would somebody going to commit suicide take that into consideration, Ann?" said Betty.

"You can be sure Millicent would," said Ann.

"You won't give her a break either way, will you?" said Whittier. "She committed suicide and made it nasty for the fellow that was with her, or she didn't commit suicide, because she was too goddam vain."

Ann looked at him. "Can you think of any reason why I ought to give her a break? Think hard."

He looked back at her. "Thinking hard, no," he said. —JOHN O'HARA

TIME IS NOT A HEALER

No problem passes.
They all remain
in the honeycomb
under the heart's drain.

Nature quickens;
the comb's alive,
and the bees of pain
spring from the hive.

—GERTA KENNEDY



"Rockefeller Center is all right if you're a good turner."

THE BEAVER MUFF

ALL the way up on the train, her mother had read a magazine and Sarah had sat by the window watching the broad, fast-flowing Hudson grow narrower and the ice that had been like scum on the surface of the river form into chunks that floated past. The light on the opposite bank of the river changed from violet to blue, and when they got off the train, the short afternoon had turned dark and Sarah and her mother went directly to the Rensselaer Hotel for dinner.

For a second as they came out of the station, Sarah couldn't feel the loop around her wrist. "My muff!" she cried.

"Well, hang on to it," her mother said without looking around. She walked ahead of Sarah with quick, resolute steps, hugging her coat close with one arm, her hand clasping the fur to her throat. "Taxi!" she called imperiously.

"Oh, it's here," Sarah said, holding up the muff. "It's all right." And when they got into a cab she sat with it pulled tightly up against her stomach. It was a round beaver muff her Aunt Jo had given her for Christmas and the feeling of serious delight she had when her hands, inside the satin lining, met secretly was the one thing that made having to go back to the convent school, after being home for Christmas, bearable. Even in the dimness of the cab she could see the silvery gleam of the fur, and she rolled the muff back and forth on her lap as they drove to the hotel.

The dining room of the Rensselaer was empty. It was a big room, with light fixtures arranged in clusters on tall, square pillars that seemed to hold up the ceiling. Only one cluster of lights was on, shining down on a service table near the door, and the light from the street lamps outside the windows was reflected on the walls.

As Sarah and her mother stood in the entrance, a waitress came out of a shadowy door carrying a sheaf of menus. She turned on the lights in one half of the dining room, and Sarah and her mother sat down at a table by a window. Her mother suggested that Sarah take the Salisbury steak with mashed potatoes and carrots. "I have to eat later, so I'll just have a chicken sandwich and a Scotch-and-water," she said.

It seemed funny to be having dinner so early. Even in the convent, supper wasn't until six, and when Sarah was at home, it was never at any special time. During vacations, she usually ate by herself on one end of the living-room table, with the ashtrays and magazines and the lamp pushed to one side, while her mother dressed to go out.

"Hurry up, Sarah, don't just sit there and dawdle and take all night," her mother would say, coming down the hall from the bathroom, her arms twisted in back fastening her dress.

"I'll button it, Mother, let me button it!" Sarah would say, slipping off the edge of her chair.

Sometimes her mother wouldn't be going out and then they would have dinner quite late. They would fix something in the kitchenette together, and Sarah would set the table for two and get down the candles from the mantel, and it would look like a party.

Now it seemed too early to be hungry, and Sarah looked out the hotel window as she tried to eat. The street lamp shone down on the lumpy snow piled along the curb, encroaching on the sidewalk. The snow was gray and covered with a lacy pattern of soot, and it looked like a permanent part of the street. Beyond the street lights there was still a mournful glow in the sky, and between the ragged shapes of the buildings she could see the dark shape of the bluff across the river from the town. On top of the bluff a light went on and off with a kind of beady insistence. It was the airplane beacon that was visible from the convent. She had watched it lots of times.

"Do you *have* to go back to New York so soon, Mother?" she asked suddenly. "Couldn't you take the next train? We could walk around, or we could just sit in the lobby and talk. Hardly any of the girls will have come back to the convent so early. They don't

really expect us, you know, until bedtime."

"Now, Sarah!" Her mother put out her cigarette with a gesture of exasperation. "We've been all over that before. You know perfectly well that I have to be in town to meet the Morrisons for dinner. I wish I didn't have to go tonight, but I do. Look here, young lady," she said, leaning across the table, "you've had a nice holiday. I've given up all my time to it. I should think you wouldn't begrudge my going out now that your vacation is over." She took out a new cigarette and sighed wearily. "Can't you finish your dinner instead of just sitting over it that way? When I get home, I'm going to have to change, and I'm going to be late as it is."

"I guess I'm really not hungry," Sarah said.

"Well, let's see what they have for dessert," her mother said, picking up the menu.

"I don't really want any, Mother. I'm really not hungry."

"Nonsense," her mother said. "I'm sure you'd like something sweet. How about some ice cream?" She looked up as the waitress came to the table. "Chocolate ice cream for my little girl, please. I'll just have coffee. Is chocolate all right, dear?" she asked Sarah.

"What?" Sarah said. "Sure, it's all right."

"Well, you might at least be polite about it," her mother said as soon as the waitress had left the table.

When the ice cream came, it had whipped cream on it and a cherry on top of that. Sarah took a mouthful of it and tried to decide whether to eat the cherry first or save it until last. "Anyway," she said, "it's all fixed about my coming home spring vacation, and it won't really be so long now. Does Easter ever come in May, Mother? The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin has a celebration in May, a procession and everything, and I'm going to be in it. We're going to crown the statue in the

grotto." After a moment she looked up. Her mother had taken a compact and a lipstick out of her handbag and was delicately adding a little fullness to the corners of her mouth. "I *am* coming home this year, aren't I, Mother? You promised!"

"I never did any such thing, Sarah. I said if it was at all possible you could come home, but I can't tell this far ahead. I don't



know what kind of engagements I may have. You know sometimes it's a little difficult for me to have you with me in the city."

"Oh, Mother!" Sarah cried. "That's what you said last year. You did *too* promise. You don't know what it's like! Last year, everybody went home but me and that Mexican girl. I'll die, I'll just die if I have to stay there this year. *Everybody* goes home for spring vacation!"

"Now don't exaggerate," her mother said. She dusted her nose with powder and then put the lipstick and compact in her handbag. "I'll do the best I can. We don't have to argue about it now." She smiled brightly at Sarah. "You know, I think we're going to have to hurry." She signalled the waitress. "Check, please," she said.

"Why, you haven't eaten your ice cream!" the waitress exclaimed to Sarah as she came to the table. "Don't you want any more?" she asked.

"I'm afraid my small girl just isn't very hungry tonight," Sarah's mother said. She looked up at the waitress. "You see, the Christmas holiday is over and tonight she has to go back to school."

"Oh, ho!" said the waitress and the two women exchanged smiles. Sarah turned her head, gazing stonily at the window. The street lamp looked like a star, with bright, blurry lines radiating from it, shutting out everything else. If she stared hard and opened her eyes wider, she could make it look like a street lamp again.

"Why, I used to love school when I was a little girl. Don't you love school?" the waitress asked.

Sarah shook her head and then she said, "I guess so," and the waitress and her mother laughed gently. Was it the convent up on the hill, the waitress wanted to know, and when Sarah's mother said yes, she sighed and picked up the money and the check. "Those nuns are certainly fine women," she said.

When the waitress had left the table, Sarah stood up and took her muff from the knob of her chair where it had hung during dinner. She held it as she put on her coat, passing it from one hand to the other. Her mother said, "Come around to this side," and she flipped Sarah's braids out over her velveteen collar and gave her coat a little tug. "That's better," she said.

The waitress came back with the change and hovered near the table as they left. "Don't feel so bad," she called to Sarah. "Good night!"



"Portrait painted, sir?"

"Good night," Sarah's mother said, and she and Sarah went out and stood on the sidewalk, and the doorman of the hotel beckoned a taxi to pull up a few feet along the curb, so they wouldn't have to step on the barrier of dirty snow.

THE entrance hall of the convent was cold and the electric light in the lanternlike chandelier just inside the door looked as though it might have been gaslight. The cold was more noticeable than it had been outdoors. The hall was used only for formal arrivals and departures, and Sister Mary Margaret, who was in charge of the door, was a dim person, seldom seen at other times. Sarah's mother had the taxi wait for her under the porte-cochère, and she and Sarah were barely in the door when she looked at her watch and said, "I must fly, Sister, or I'll miss my train. Goodbye, darling. Be a good girl and remember to write."

Hugging her tightly, Sarah breathed

in the warm, sweet, soiled smell of the perfume her mother used, and after her mother left, she started toward the East Building where the dormitory and the recreation room were. Even when she was alone, she could still smell the perfume, as though it clung to her nostrils through the cold, bereft air of the hall.

She walked carefully, so as not to slip on the polished floor, going past the mahogany stairway that she had never been up and had always thought must lead to some special domain of the Mother Superior. After she went through the swing door at the end of the hall, she was in the long corridor that went past the chapel. The only light came from a red lamp that hung from the ceiling over the grilled gates of the chapel. On either side of the gates, shadowy statues stood in niches in the wall, and she looked straight ahead as she passed them. All the way down the corridor her footsteps sounded too loud and as though they were in back of

her. When she reached the stone stairs that went up to the recreation room, she glanced quickly over her shoulder and then ran up the three flights of stairs, making as much clatter as she could.

The recreation room was empty. Sarah could see that it was before she went in, and she stopped hurrying. There was only the familiar smell of rust and steam and the hissing in the radiators. She hung her coat and hat in one of the lockers along the wall but kept her muff in her hand, and when she turned around, Consuelo Montez and Teresa McCaffrey had come into the room.

"Lookit!" Teresa screamed. "Sarah's got a muff! Did you get it for Christmas?" Both girls snatched at it and Sarah let them hold it for a moment and then firmly took it back.

Teresa pranced away a few steps and said to Sarah with a nervous grin, "Do you notice anything?"

"Why should I notice anything?" Sarah asked warily. Consuelo hooted. "It's Teresa's hair, silly!" she said.

Sarah stared, amazed. Why hadn't she seen it before? Teresa, whose hair usually straggled down in lank, separated clumps, now had a bank of frizz that stood out all around her head. It was quite short and each little hair curled tightly by itself. It didn't look like hair at all, Sarah thought; it looked beautiful.

"It's a permanent," Teresa said. "My mother give me a permanent for Christmas. And she give me a dresser set painted with flowers on it, real plastic. I think my mother is the sweetest thing in the world. What did your mother give you?"

"Oh, lots of things," Sarah said airily. "Books and new paints—lots of things."

"I got a rosary—real silver," Consuelo said.

"Books and paints, that's not so much," Teresa said.

"Oh, I got other presents," Sarah said. Teresa and Consuelo stared at her implacably. Suddenly Sarah held up the muff. Her eyes shone. "My mother gave me this muff!" she said.

There was silence for a moment. Teresa looked at the muff and then her hand went up to her hair. "Whyn't you ask your mother to get you a permanent?" she said.

"She would if I wanted one," Sarah said. "My mother would give me any-

thing I asked for," she continued recklessly. "She's very fond of me. She's"—for a second she hesitated, unable to think of what she wanted to say—"she's a very chichi character!"

"She she"—what's that?" Teresa said.

"Don't you know anything?" Sarah asked scornfully.

"My mother goes to Mass every morning," Consuelo offered.

"She she, she she," Teresa chanted. "That doesn't mean anything."

More girls had come into the recreation room, and Sarah found she had a circle gathered around her. "It just means wonderful, that's all," she said. "My mother's wonderful, and when I grow up I'm going to be just like her. I'm going to always eat in a restaurant and have a gold compact, and I'm going to plays at night!" She turned to a girl who had just come in. "Did you see my muff, Doris? Look, my mother gave it to me for Christmas."

ALL the rest of the evening, the room was filled with the high-pitched conversation of the children all talking at once, telling what presents they had received and what they had done over the holiday. As more and more girls came back to the convent, Sarah showed her muff to the new arrivals, and each time she announced, "My mother gave it to me." All the little girls admired it; they had to hold and stroke it, and Sarah watched with a cold sense of desecration as they put their hands inside it.

At a quarter to eight, Sister Mary Aloysius came into the room. She had to clap her hands twice for quiet, and the beads at her side swung to and fro, clinking. "Put everything away, children. Time for prayers!" she called. She stood for a moment to see that she was being obeyed, then she bustled out and the girls slowly straggled after her.

In a hall off the dormitory, there was an altar where the girls said their evening prayers. The altar was a table covered with pale-blue crêpe paper, ruffled at the edges. In the middle of the table stood a large statue of the Virgin Mary holding the Infant Jesus. On either side of the statue were candles and vases of pink crêpe-paper flowers. The candles had never been lit, and the flowers were dusty and a little awry.

At one side of the altar, there was a small table, on which was arranged a crèche the girls had made before they went home for Christmas.

The children knelt on the strip of carpet before the altar, and Sister Mary Aloysius knelt behind them and in a loud, expressionless voice started, "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, amen."

Sarah found it was an effort to kneel up straight. She wanted to close her eyes, but when she did she would begin to sway. She pushed her stomach out to balance herself, and looked up at the statue. It was brightly colored in blue and white and gold. Jesus had reddish-blond hair, and she could just make out what might be a strand of hair under the Virgin Mary's veil. It was reddish-blond also. Her mother's hair was blond. She wished her own hair wasn't so dark. Maybe it would get lighter when she grew older. It was hard to see the Virgin Mary's face, because it was in shadow. The Virgin Mary was holding the baby in the crook of her arm, and her head was bent down a little over it.

"Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our life, our sweetness, and our hope," the children said, rattling it off automatically. Suddenly Sarah pulled in her breath convulsively. She was crying. Her very horror at crying there, right in the middle of prayers, seemed to make her misery more complete, and she couldn't stop. Two of the girls kneeling in front of her looked around, and after a moment Sister Mary Aloysius, with a rustling sound from her starched bib, bent over her and tapped her shoulder. "Go to the dormitory," she whispered.

Sarah stood up. Her face and her hands were slippery with tears, and although she knew she didn't have a handkerchief, she kept fumbling in her dress for one as she went to the dormitory.

"Turn then, Most Gracious Advocate," the voices went on, running the words together, but when she walked down the aisle between the beds, all she could hear was the explosive sound in her head of her crying. She sat helplessly on the edge of her bed, wiping at the tears and slime on her face with the end of the pillow slip. She took off her clothes, hardly conscious of what she was doing, moving toward the darkness and cover of her bed to bury her grief in.

Later, when Sister Mary Aloysius came in to see her, she was still breathing in little sobs. Her face was so swollen and dreary with tears and she looked





so tired that Sister Mary Aloysius didn't have the heart to make the child go to the washroom, but she made her get out of bed and finish her prayers. Drooping with sleep and hiccuping, Sarah knelt against the bed and said the "Hail, Holy Queen" and an Act of Contrition. Then Sister Mary Aloysius stopped her.

"That's enough tonight, Sarah," she said. "Get back into bed now and get a good night's sleep. That's a lovely muff

your mother gave you. You'll have to take good care of it." She smoothed the covers over Sarah.

"I hate it!" Sarah said, and turned her face away. "I hate it, I hate it!" she said again into the pillow, but Sister Mary Aloysius couldn't hear her.

"Well, you'll feel better in the morning. Good night," said Sister Mary Aloysius. What had got into the child, she wondered. They were all so excitable and worn out when they came back

after a holiday. How she dreaded it. She thought with regret of how peaceful and quiet the convent had been while the children were away. It was a cross to bear, getting used to their being around again. —ASTRID PETERS

ERLANGER—Mrs. Windermere's Fan, 3:30 P.M.—*Theatre listing in the Buffalo Evening News.*

That's class-angling it for you!



PROFILES

THE OLD MAN

II—MONEY

"MONEY," Bernard Mannes Baruch said recently to a man who was trying to sell him some stock, "is a peculiar thing. God isn't very particular about whom he gives it to. The fact is, making money is just a faculty. Some men can make funny faces, others can make fools of themselves, others can make money. How can you define a talent? What makes one fellow able to stand up in the ring and belt the daylights out of someone else? What makes another so good at standing on his head, another able to cut such fancy curlicues on ice skates, and another so clever at saying 'Blah-blah-blah-blah-blah' in such a way that everyone laughs or cries? I tell you, making money is purely and simply a faculty." The aptitude for accumulation is highly developed in Baruch. He is the most respected kibitzer in the affairs of the United States, partly because he is seventy-seven years old and can remember many things, but mainly because he has a reputation for having been right so often. This reputation is a result of the extraordinary consistency with which he was right, during the first half century of his life, with regard to property.

As a small boy in Camden, South Carolina, in the eighteen-seventies, Bernard made annual collections of hickory nuts and walnuts, which he hoarded in the family attic. During visits to his maternal grandfather's home, in Winnsboro, South Carolina, he used to throw stones at the trains of the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta line, and, watching the brakemen walking casually along the tops of the uneasy cars, he determined to win equality with those admi-

rable men by buying a small railroad someday. (About twenty-five years later, in 1902, he very nearly bought control of the Louisville & Nashville, but a Morgan group squeezed him out; he has said that during the contest with Morgan he often remembered his boyish wish. In place of control of the railroad, he had to be satisfied with a profit of \$1,500,000.) He was very much impressed, in his grandfather's house in Winnsboro, by a whole drawerful of Confederate money, which Sherman's pillagers, who had visited the place, had not considered worth lifting. On one occasion, in Camden, he was guilty of wanting something too much; he crawled under Mr. Wallace's School one evening and, after having jimmied a couple of floor boards loose, climbed up into the schoolroom and stole a stick of store candy from the desk of a friend. Baruch says he is grateful to an overwhelming sense of guilt that followed this incident for having kept him absolutely straight for the seventy years since it happened.

Baruch's father, Dr. Simon Baruch, was a respected surgeon in Camden, but as he was paid mostly in kind—wood by the cord, cotton by the bale, corn by the bushel, a chicken, a colt, a calf, a day's or a week's work in the fields of his three-acre farm—he did not grow rich. Mrs. Baruch, whose family, until Sherman's raid, had been wealthy, was soon reduced to giving piano and singing lessons. Once, hearing that a lady from New York had come to town, Bernard and his three brothers went to have a look at the curiosity. When she saw the Baruch boys' feet, which were bare (by choice, not because of poverty), she threw them a dime. In 1881, when Bernard was eleven, Dr. Baruch decided he would have greater scope for his work in New York, and the family moved North. The Baruchs lived first on the top floor of a boarding house at 144 West Fifty-seventh Street, owned by a lady named Jacobs, who had a very high-toned fringe of ringlets across her forehead but whose quarters were cramped. While Bernard attended P.S. 69 and during his first three years at C.C.N.Y., he received a weekly allowance of twenty-five cents. In his senior year, this was raised to half a dollar. Additionally, while he was at college,

he was given ten cents a day for carfare from the boarding house at 49 East Sixtieth Street to which the Baruchs had moved before he matriculated, to City College, at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, and back. In order to save this daily dime, Baruch commuted to college on foot. He even put away ten cents the day of the Blizzard of '88, though it meant floundering thirty-eight blocks each way through the waist-deep drifts.

The Baruch brothers used to look forward to visits from male Southern relatives and friends, because they always gave each boy a quarter or a fifty-cent piece. A particularly notable visit was paid the Baruchs, in the early eighteen-eighties, by Samuel Wittkowsky, the business partner of the boys' Uncle Herman Baruch, in Charlotte, North Carolina. Wittkowsky gave the boys quarters, escorted all four brothers to Coney Island on the Iron Steamboat, and recommended to Mrs. Baruch that she take Bernard to a phrenologist to have his head examined. She took him to see a Dr. Fowler, whose office was opposite A. T. Stewart's store, which is now John Wanamaker's. Dr. Fowler explored the boy's skull and was especially struck by the aspect of his handsome and full glabella from the plane of *norma temporalis*; in other words, he found that the boy had nice, large bumps of bone above his eyes. "And what," Dr. Fowler asked Mrs. Baruch, "do you propose to do with this young man?" Mrs. Baruch was determined that Bernard should become a doctor, like his father, and she said so. "My advice to you," said Dr. Fowler, "is to send him where they are doing big things—finance or politics." Accordingly, in the late summer of 1889, after Bernard's graduation from C.C.N.Y., Mrs. Baruch sent her son to one of Dr. Baruch's patients, Charles Tatum, a Philadelphia Quaker and a partner in Whitall, Tatum & Co., of New York, wholesale dealers in druggists' glassware, and Tatum hired young Baruch, who had a sound pair of long legs, to run errands at three dollars a week. The nearest Baruch got to big things during his few months with Tatum was when he ran over to Drexel Morgan to pick up some securities one afternoon and got a close look

at J. P. Morgan, Sr., the sight of whose fiery eyes and surpassing nose so excited him that for some time he enjoyed day-dreams of Morgan sitting on a white horse, with a battle-axe in his hand, like Charlemagne.

Baruch's first change of jobs was a retrogression financially. An acquaintance of his mother's, Julius A. Kohn, a wholesale-clothing merchant who had decided to try his hand at arbitrage in Wall Street, agreed to take young Baruch on as an apprentice, and Mrs. Baruch, feeling that this would give her son a chance to learn more than he could in Tatum's field of vials, beakers, and bottles, urged him to switch. He did, even though Kohn offered no pay at all. Arbitrage consists of the almost simultaneous buying and selling of the same securities or commodities in two different cities or countries, and profiting by the differences in price. Baruch was so quick at translating dollars to sterling to marks to francs to guilders and back, whenever the arbitrage was international, that Kohn eventually felt impelled to pay the young man three dollars a week.

Following a trip to Europe with his father in the summer of 1890, Baruch, attracted by stories of easy money in the West, went out to Colorado and took a job in a gold mine in Cripple Creek, first as a mucker, shovelling blasted ore into buckets for removal up the shaft, and later in a blasting crew, holding a drill for another man to hit with a sledge hammer. As it appeared that he would not get rich quickly on a laborer's wage, he allowed himself to be talked into buying shares in the San Francisco Mine, adjoining the property he was working on. Though there were some rich mines in Cripple Creek, the poor ore he saw in the mine where he worked and discouraging reports from the men who worked the San Francisco Mine soon convinced him that he had been hornswoggled on the stock. He quit and returned to New York, having learned one major lesson—never to invest in the securities of a company without having

studied it and become satisfied that it could make money.

IN New York, Baruch's mother lined up another job for him, this time as an office boy with the small brokerage firm of A. A. Housman, at 52 Exchange Place, at five dollars a week. His duties at first were to open the office in the morning, see that the boss's nibs, inkwells, and blotter were ready for use, take the company books out of the safe and put them on the bookkeeper's desk, copy letters and monthly statements, index the copybook, run errands, and shut up shop at the end of the day. In the evenings, he studied. He enrolled in night courses in bookkeeping and contract law; he investigated, mostly through the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle* and *Poor's Manual*, the structure, personnel, activities, and prospects

of all the firms whose securities Housman handled; he memorized the routes of the principal railroads in North America; he learned to draw by heart a detailed industrial map of the United States. The extent of his body, on the one hand, and of his information, on the other, amazed his smaller fellow-runners, and before long he had become such a famous and infallible fact spout that wealthy young investors like Middleton Schoolbred Burrill, a son of one of the Vanderbilts' lawyers, began to take him out to lunch to get the dope. Baruch liked this, because his hosts bought him roast beef and mutton chops, whereas when he bought his own lunch, he could afford only a sandwich and a glass of beer at Fred Ebling's, a restaurant across from the Housman office. After profound study, Baruch made his first investment—one Georgia Pacific First



"How do you think this one would look, dear, with a rug of the same silver green and slipcovers of a mildly contrasting shade of lemon yellow, maybe bound in russet, and block-printed linen curtains in off shades of the color of the binding?"

Mortgage Five Per Cent Consolidated Bond. A short time later, having received a series of raises from Housman until he was earning twenty-five dollars a week, Baruch opened a tiny margin account with the firm of Honigman & Prince, on Broadway, and began to speculate in earnest.

Baruch liked to study, but he liked even better to take a chance with a dollar. Back when he worked for Tatum, his family had spent the summer in Long Branch, and he had gone as often as possible to the race track at Monmouth, where he had got to know a number of bookmakers so well that they would humor his miniature bets. He had also let himself be seen that summer in a gambling joint called Phil Daly's, in Long Branch, where, though he could not afford to buy the dollar chips for roulette and faro, he delighted in watching the sports and toughs who could. In Cripple Creek, he had often dressed up after hours and gone to a fancy gambling room in the Palace Hotel, and, sitting at tables where big gamblers were at work, he had bet against their money and for the house, and had won a few dollars, until one night the manager of the parlor threw him out. In the Stock Exchange, before the memorable day he bought his first bond, he had risked an occasional dollar betting another runner whether the next quotation of a given stock would be up or down. And now, as a trader at Honigman & Prince, he found that he always wiped out each gain of fifty or a hundred dollars, the fruit of sagacity and application, with a corresponding loss, a result of his gambling fever. As he was clearly not making a killing in this way, as he was beginning to feel old (he was twenty-five), and as he was contemplating marriage, he went to Housman, one day in 1896, and knocked for another raise. He shot high; he asked for fifty dollars a week. Housman said that he couldn't give him a raise but that he would give him an eighth interest in the firm; if Baruch got more money, it would be because of his own efforts for the company.

Baruch's failure to get a raise turned out to be a fortunate disappointment. As soon as he became a one-eighth partner in A. A. Housman & Co., he appointed himself a customers' man, though he had no idea where he would get any customers. He had already begun a study of the underlying securities of defaulting railroads and made sober notations in a small black notebook: "Sell New Haven," "Buy Richmond & West Point Terminal," "Union Pacific at \$10

ought to pay 100% on investment," and so on. Every day, after the Stock Exchange closed, he would go up Broadway, calling cold on businessmen and trying to sell them railroad bonds. He carefully composed and copied in longhand scores of sales letters and mailed them to men whose names and addresses he found in business directories. These oral and written efforts evoked a unanimously negative response. At last, however, Baruch waylaid a James Talcott, a prosperous drygoods merchant, as he came out of his emporium on Franklin Street, and, talking very fast and as persuasively as possible in the face of Talcott's irritated insistence that he wanted nothing, kept the merchant company for some distance along the sidewalk. Finally, Talcott bought from his young escort, in order to part with him, one Oregon & Trans-Continental Six Per Cent Bond, at 78. The commis-

sion for A. A. Housman on this transaction was \$1.25, of which Baruch's share was 15.6 cents. This was the beginning of a rise in the financial world that fully justified the confidence of Dr. Fowler, the phrenologist, in the bumps just above the young man's eyes. Baruch later won Talcott as a steady client for Housman. He procured others, by similarly brash and persistent methods. Good times helped. Indeed, at the end of the first year of Baruch's one-eighth partnership, A. A. Housman recorded a profit of \$48,000, an increase of \$34,000 over the previous year. Baruch's share was \$6,000—or \$115.38 a week, on top of his salary of \$25 a week. In the third year, 1898, by which time Baruch's interest in the firm had been increased to one-third, the company's profit was \$501,000.

Baruch had made his first big personal money in 1897, and it was his willingness to do thorough research that earned it for him. He studied the American Sugar Refining Company, usually known as "the Sugar Trust," which produced seventy-six per cent of the sugar manufactured in the United States, and decided that while the company stood to lose everything if the Populist Party succeeded in putting across a lower sugar tariff, there was a

TO A TALKATIVE HAIRDRESSER

Too garrulous minion, stop. Be dumb.

Attend my curls, however tarnished,

In silence. Sir, I did not come

For your opinion, plain or varnished.

I do not wish to hear your views.

The time is ripe for no discussion

Of hemlines current in the news,

Politics, weather, or the Russian.

Spare me the story (while you soap)

Of how your molars lately acted.

This little hour—or so I hope—

Is mine for languor undistracted.

Calm is this air-conditioned grot.

I drowse, and there might linger in me

An unaccustomed peace, but not

If you must babble as you pin me,

If you must feel impelled to break

My slumber with your conversation

Concerning modes, the price of steak,

Or where you went on your vacation.

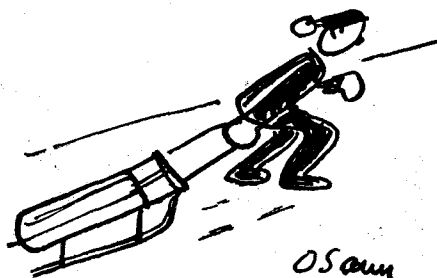
Hush! Fetch me *Vogue* and get me to

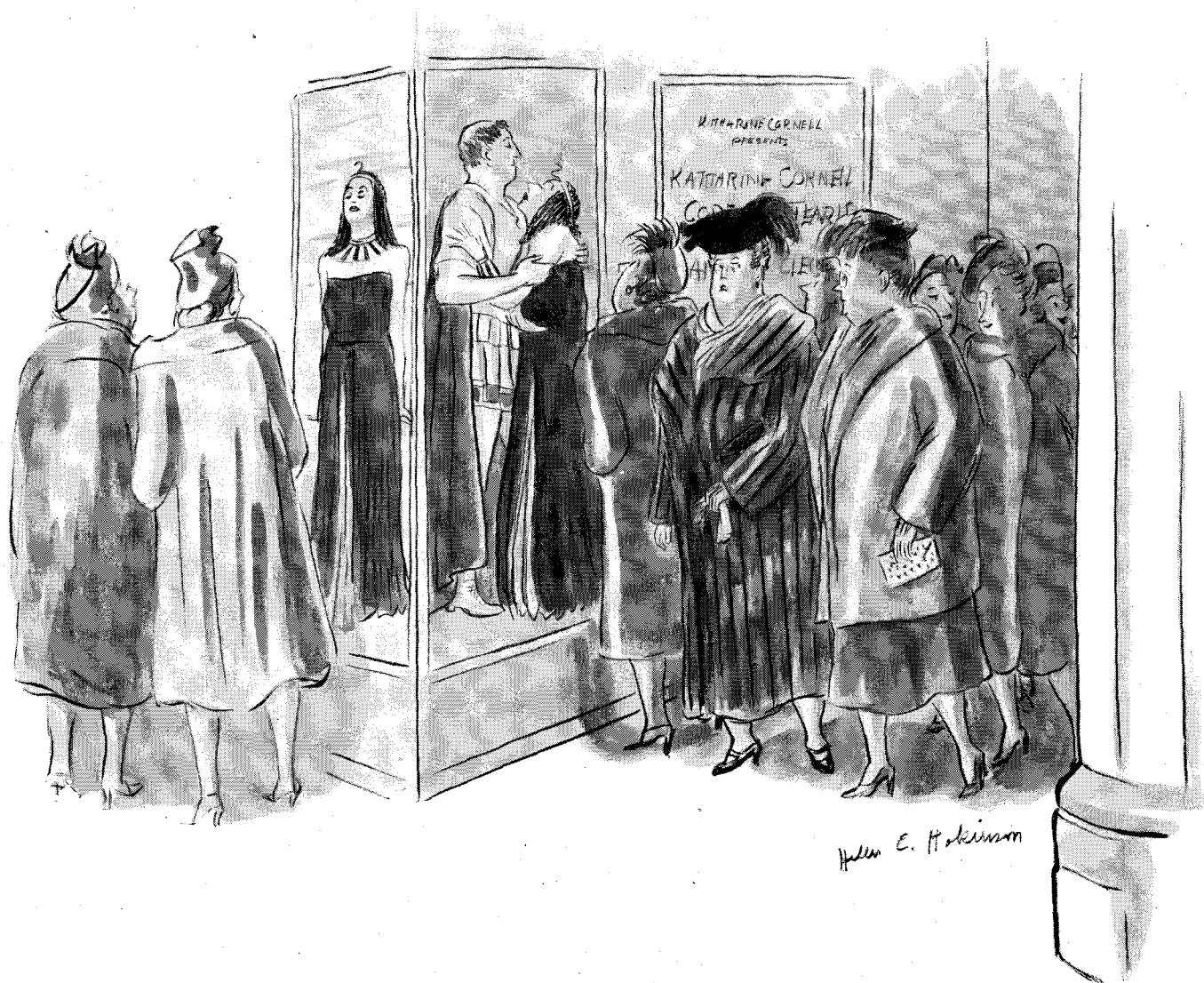
The drier quickly as you can, sir,

Which drones no windier than you

Or duller, nor expects an answer.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY





"Well, E. H. Sothern is still my Marc Antony!"

fair chance of the tariff's being maintained. The threat of a lower tariff had depressed the company's stock; Baruch's conclusion that the tariff would not be altered led to the further conclusion that the stock would rise. He bought a hundred shares, at $109\frac{1}{8}$, on margin, putting up only about \$200 in cash. Before the issue of the tariff was settled, the stock rose to 130. Baruch parlayed; that is, bought a great deal more stock on margin with his profits. When a tariff bill was passed that year, the sugar rates were untouched; the stock spurted to 159 in early September. Baruch sold out, at a profit of nearly \$60,000 on his two-hundred-dollar investment. Within a month, Baruch, then only twenty-seven, had bought a seat on the Stock Exchange, for \$19,000, and had married.

DURING 1898, Baruch's firm gained enormously in prestige, thanks to its alertness. Late on the night

of Sunday, July 3rd, Housman telephoned Baruch in Long Branch and said a newspaperman had just told him that Admiral Schley had that day destroyed Cervera's Spanish fleet at Santiago. Stocks were certain to go up. The next day, July 4th, would be a holiday, and American exchanges would be closed, but the London exchange would be open. If the firm could send some cables before morning, it might get the jump on the rest of Wall Street. No trains were scheduled from Long Branch to New York that night. By telephone, Baruch arranged to hire a locomotive and a coach to take him, his younger brother Sailing, and his boss's son, Clarence Housman, who was also in Long Branch, to the city. The three started out on their stunted special train at two o'clock in the morning. It was still dark when they reached the Housman office. They had forgotten the key, so Bernard boosted Sailing through the transom, and Sailing let

the others in. Baruch put extensive orders for American stocks on the London cables before dawn. On the Fourth, Housman telephoned customer after customer, offering to let them in on the transactions. When the New York exchanges opened on the fifth, almost every stock on the boards advanced rapidly. A. A. Housman's customers—and partners—made an immediate profit.

Young Baruch was earning a reputation for studiousness, astuteness, and speed, and in the fall of 1898 Thomas Fortune Ryan chose him to go out to St. Louis to bid on his behalf against James B. Duke for control of the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. Baruch acquired a majority of the capital stock for Ryan at \$6,000,000. Baruch caused something of a sensation among the negotiators, during an altercation over whether Ryan or the tobacco company should pay legal fees amounting to \$200,000, by offering to toss a coin for

them. He lost. The commission to A. A. Housman for the Liggett & Myers deal was \$150,000. Baruch's share was \$50,000. At his mother's urging, he gave his Stock Exchange seat to his older brother Hartwig, who had been having a not too successful career as an actor, and bought himself another, for \$39,000. Shortly afterward, on a tip that was attributed by Baruch's informant to Ryan but that Ryan later disavowed, Baruch bought into American Distillers & Cattle Feeding Company, and lost \$60,000 and some of his confidence. He never again acted on second-hand tips. He got both his confidence and his \$60,000 back in 1899 in some transactions in Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock. Two years later, when Morgan and Harriman had just begun to fight one another in an effort to corner Northern Pacific, a whisper from a friend let Baruch in on what was happening. He applied what he calls his "feel" to the situation. This is his unusually sensitive appreciation of the effect of a given set of circumstances upon investors as a body. Here his "feel" (together with his inside dope) told him that the Morgan-Harriman fight would first shoot Northern Pacific, and later other stocks, very high; then, when small investors learned that the boom was the result of a corner, there would be sharp panic selling. He managed his buying and selling in the next days so as to anticipate these events, which did in fact take place. He made what he now refers to as "a great deal of money" in three or four days, while most of his friends were losing their shirts. Subsequently that year, he again profited by the kind of study many of his associates were unwilling or unable to undertake. He decided, upon investigation, that Amalgamated Copper was too highly priced at 130, and, against the advice of most of his friends, sold that stock short. After a directors' meeting on Friday, September 20th, Amalgamated announced that its dividend had been reduced from \$8 to \$6. The stock fell seven points on Saturday. Baruch felt it would fall two or three points more on Monday, so he decided he would take his profits then. On Sunday, his mother telephoned him to

remind him that Monday would be Yom Kippur, and asked him, for her sake, not to do any business. He decided to respect her wishes and went to Long Branch. On Monday morning, the stock fell three points and held, as he had anticipated, but he was not on hand to terminate his operation. His office was unable to reach him by telephone. That afternoon, the stock slipped again, all the way to 92½. When he came in on Tuesday, he found that he had a far larger potential profit on his short sales than he had expected, concluded that the stock would probably weaken still further, decided to continue his short selling, and wound up his operation, in December, when Amalgamated fell to 60½, with a profit of \$700,000. This made him a millionaire. His contest with Morgan, in 1902, for control of the Louisville & Nashville, though it spoiled his boyhood dream of owning a small railroad, netted him \$1,500,000, and this profit, along with lesser gains meanwhile, meant that he now had \$100,000 for every year of his age. He was thirty-two.

AT Phil Daly's gambling joint, in Long Branch, some years before, Baruch had met a sport named Pat Sheedy, who had told Baruch one night that he had been winning heavily. "But I don't feel so good," Sheedy had said. "You know, when a man gets his hands on some money, he begins to feel bad. If

you see a fellow get into a streetcar and turn up his collar and complain about the draft, you know he's got money. When a fellow's broke, he don't feel the cold, even if his toes are out or the seat of his pants is gone. He never complains of a draft." Becoming a millionaire had not made Baruch begin to feel the cold, but he did begin to feel that he might be doing something more worth while. He toyed with the idea of becoming a lawyer—a defender of little people, a people's advocate—and decided to go to Europe to think things over. Before he left, he thought he would distribute more widely some of his cash in hand, as a precaution against possible bank failures. He went one day to the National City Bank and asked to see James Stillman, the president. He was ushered in, however, to a mere Mr. Kilbourne, who said the boss was busy and asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to open an account. Kilbourne asked who he was. He gave his name. Kilbourne failed to recognize it. After the operations in Amalgamated Copper and Louisville & Nashville, this was a blow to young Baruch's ego. Kilbourne asked if Mr. B-r-r, Mr. Er—what was the name?—could give any references. Baruch gave some that made Kilbourne sit up a little straighter. Kilbourne asked how big an account Mr. Baruch—he got the name right this time—intended to maintain. Baruch fixed his name clearly and forever in Kil-



Charles of the Ritz

Reverescence

makes
your
skin
look
like
this



opalescent, smooth,
lovelier with time

Pearls by Cartier

as a liquid \$5 • as a cream \$3, 5, 9, 15 plus tax

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
 present

 In association with JOSHUA LOGAN
 "937 LAUGHS." —Walter Winchell

JOHN LOVES MARY

 The Gay Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
 Directed by MR. LOGAN
MUSIC BOX THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
 Evs. 8:40 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"IRRESISTIBLE HUMOR." —Barnes, Herald Tribune

HELEN HAYES

In the Comedy Hit

"Happy Birthday"

 by ANITA LOOS
 Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
 Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"MERMAN'S A WOW!" —Chapman, News

ETHEL MERMAN

In The Musical Smash

"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

 Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
 Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
 with RAY MIDDLETON
 Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
 Evs. 8:30 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

ATLANTIS PRODUCTIONS

 The Theatre Guild • H. M. Tennent Ltd.
 John C. Wilson
 present

The Winslow Boy

A New Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN

ALAN WEBB

 MADGE COMPTON • BETTY SINCLAIR
 GEORGE BENSON • MICHAEL KINGSLEY
 VALERIE WHITE

 MICHAEL NEWELL • OWEN HOLDER
 DOROTHY HAMILTON • LEONARD MICHELL
 FRANK ALLENBY

Directed by GLEN BYAM SHAW

Decor by MICHAEL WEIGHT

EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & Broadway
 Evgs. at 8:40. MATS Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

"A Young Man's Fancy"

 "EACH TIME I SEE IT, I laugh longer and louder! 1st rate-keen fun!" —Robt. Garland, Jr., Amer.
CORT THEATRE 48th St.

"A DIRECT HIT!" —Walter Winchell

PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
 with JAY FASSETT
 PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

bourne's mind by reaching into his pocket nonchalantly and pulling out a certified check for a million dollars.

Baruch went abroad with his wife and father. They crossed Europe, from London to Constantinople, and then returned to Paris. There Baruch received a cable saying that A. A. Housman & Co. was in serious trouble, because of unexpected drops in the stocks of Minneapolis & St. Louis and Colorado & Southern. He reluctantly abandoned the idea of becoming the people's advocate, put some of his own money at Housman's disposal by cable, took the next ship home, and untangled the firm's affairs. In May, 1903, having decided that he wanted to move from the field of scholarly speculation into that of industrial development—investing money, for himself or for others, in new and promising companies—Baruch retired from A. A. Housman and moved into his own office, at 111 Broadway. His mother sent him a congratulatory telegram, which he hung on his wall, and a green china cat with red polka dots, which he put on his desk. His father sent a photograph of himself, as a reminder to his son to keep rigidly honorable. Baruch had never joined any Wall Street clique, and now he began to be known as a lone wolf.

BARUCH's first important deal as an independent was in 1905, for Daniel Guggenheim, whose family controlled the American Smelting & Refining Co. Having learned from a friend that the Rockefellers were dickering for the Shelby Smelting & Lead Co., in California, and the Tacoma Smelting Company, in Washington—firms that the Guggenheims had tried unsuccessfully to buy—Baruch offered to try to procure them for American Smelting. Guggenheim promised Baruch a handsome reward, though an unspecified one, if he got the properties. Baruch went to the Pacific Coast early that year, and, working with the help of two men named Henry C. Davis and William R. Rust, succeeded in buying the two companies. Baruch says now that he was able to swing this deal, and others like it, because he had more will to succeed than his competitors; whenever he was rebuffed, he would start all over again. Also, his approach was always to ingratiate himself with the head man of the enterprise with which he dickered; he never wasted his time on hangers-on. When Baruch got back to New York, Samuel Untermyer, Guggenheim's lawyer, called him in to pay his fee and

asked what he considered proper. Baruch suggested a million dollars. Untermyer argued against such a tremendous fee and finally asked, "Are you trying to hold up American Smelting?" Baruch said, "I hadn't thought of that until now," and walked out of Untermyer's office. Baruch got the million dollars. He paid his legal expenses, amounting to \$100,000, and then made out two checks for \$300,000 and sent one each



to Messrs. Davis and Rust, who had expected next to nothing. They protested the size of the checks but did not return them.

In 1906, American Smelting stock, after having risen to 174, suffered a severe break. A rumor went around that Baruch had contributed to the fall by selling short. The Guggenheims were furious and Baruch heard, through mutual friends, that the Guggenheims had accused him of ingratitude. Baruch, who had always prided himself on a rigid code of honor, went to one of the Guggenheims and denied the rumor; some days later he received an apology, and a few weeks later still, when, because of further drops the stock took, the financial stability of American Smelting began to be questioned, he went to the Guggenheims and offered to deposit \$500,000 with them as a mark of confidence. Eventually, the company recovered its prestige, and Baruch his half million.

In 1903, Baruch invested heavily in a new mining company, Utah Copper. The company did not get into production until the spring of 1907. In the summer of that year, a financial panic took place. The price of copper fell from twenty-six-cents a pound to twelve and a half; the stock of Utah fell from 39 to 13. When the panic was at its height, Baruch received an urgent message asking for \$500,000 in cash to meet payrolls. He went to the Bank of the Manhattan Company, withdrew the requested amount in bills, and had it boxed and shipped by express to Salt Lake City. He asked only six-per-cent interest from the company, though interest rates for cash during the panic were running as high as a hundred and fifty per cent. Utah Copper was so moved by his magnanimity that, after it had emerged from the panic, it paid him twenty per cent. During the panic, J. P. Morgan, then seventy, set about raising a fund to relieve the market (by offering cash loans at reasonable rates of interest), and Baruch contributed \$1,500,000 in cash, anonymously—that is, in the name of the Bank of the Manhattan Company. The fact that

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L. H. Purdom, independent tobacco auctioneer of Springfield, Ky., has been a Lucky Strike smoker for 22 years



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So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

All over America
the word for style is
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ANNOUNCING
New 1948
Studebakers

TIME flies faster than most of us realize. It's just a little more than eighteen months since you first read the thrilling Studebaker announcement, "Your postwar dream car is here and in production!"

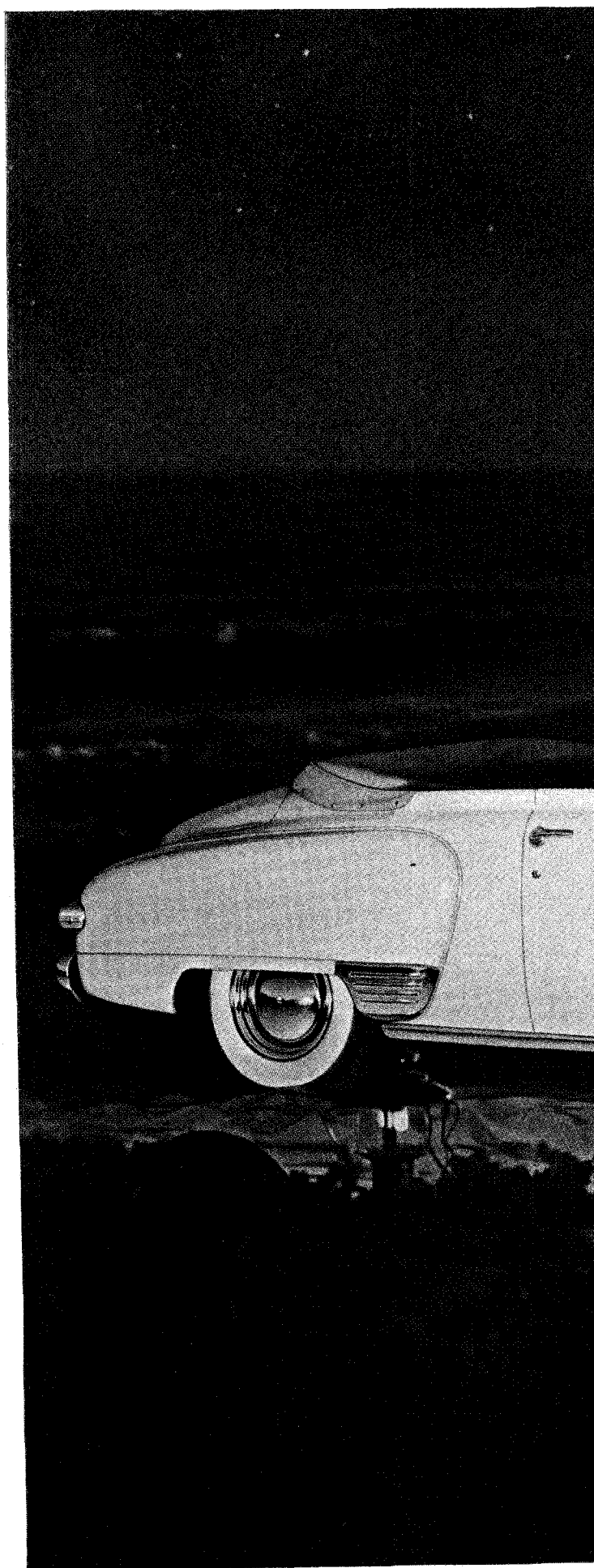
Now the 1948 version of that dream car has arrived.

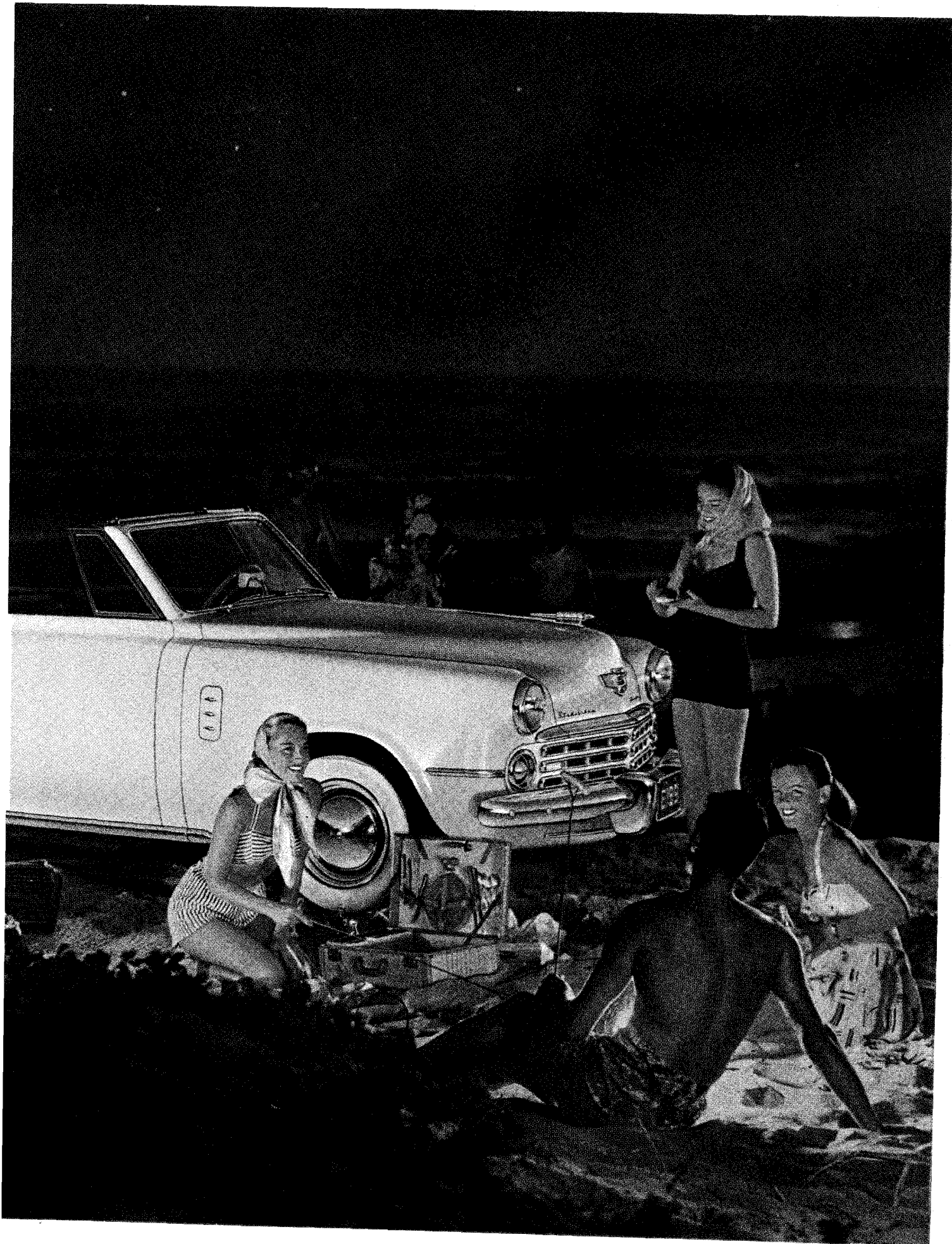
New 1948 Studebakers, including glamorous new Champion and Commander convertibles, are swinging upon the scene at dealers' showrooms.

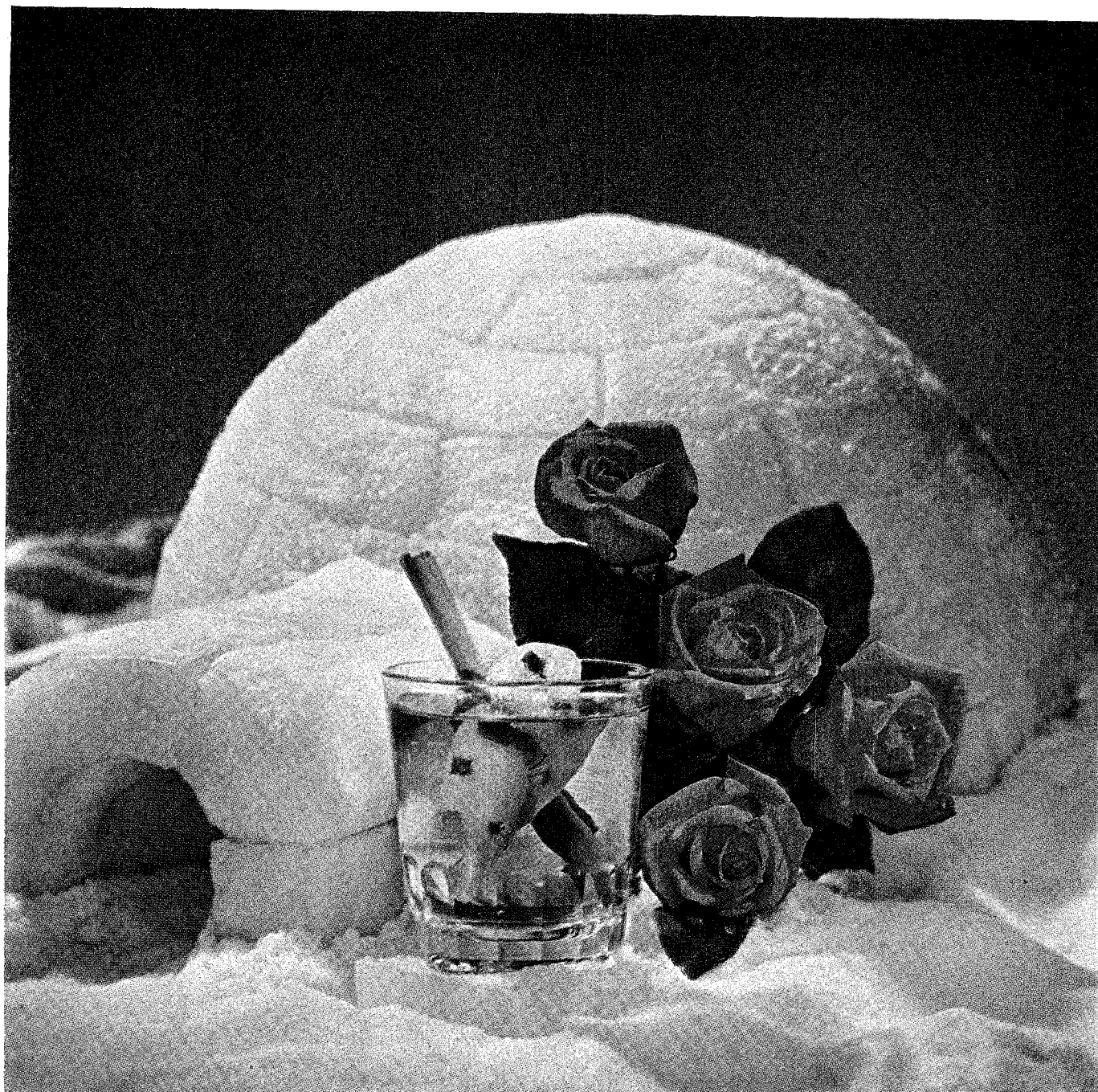
They're more than fresh 1948 interpretations of the "new look" in cars that's a Studebaker style mark. They're the dramatic encore to over a year and a half of the most sensational new-car success in motoring history.

Riding low, wide and handsome straight into the heart of discriminating America, Studebaker styling is the established design pattern for all truly modern cars.

See these latest Studebaker achievements at your first opportunity. They're superb 1948 examples of the new kind of motoring in which Studebaker so impressively and so inspiringly leads.







How to make warm friends (and vice versa)

EVEN IF YOU lived in an igloo, you'd rate as the most genial of hosts if you served Four Roses Hot Toddies.

For there's nothing quite so satisfying and heart-warming as a Hot Toddy, especially when the mellow and distinctive flavor of Four Roses brings it to the peak of perfection.

Recipe for a matchless Hot Toddy

Put a piece of sugar in the bottom

of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruise it firmly), 4 cloves and, if you wish, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous jigger of Four Roses, and fill the glass with steaming hot water.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York.

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST
FAMOUS BOUQUET



ROBERT WHITEHEAD & OLIVER REA
present
Two Dramatic Smash Hits

"A Landmark in the Theatre."—Atkinson, Times
JUDITH DENNIS FLORENCE
ANDERSON · KING · REED
in
"MEDEA"
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"DRAMATIC! TUMULTUOUS!"—Watts, Post
JOHN GIELGUD
as Raskolnikov in Dostoyevsky's
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
Dramatized by RODNEY ACKLAND
with LILLIAN GISH
VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF
and DOLLY HAAS
Directed by THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
Associate Producer, BEA LAWRENCE
NATIONAL, 41 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY

The Nation's Laugh Hit!
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

Limited Engagement
D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY
OF LONDON
in **GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS**
NOW... "TRIAL BY JURY" & "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"
Week of Jan. 12... **IOLANTHE**
CENTURY Theatre, 7th Avenue at 59th St.
Ev'gs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

"Our advice would be to run, not walk (as Woolcott used to say) to see the Paul and Grace Hartman revue, 'Angel in The Wings', which is one long laugh from beginning to end."
—DANTON WALKER, News

THE Hartmans
in The Smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Eloquent, fresh and surprising humor"
—GIBBS, The New Yorker
BROCK PEMBERTON presents
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by MARY CHASE
"HARVEY"
with MARION LORNE
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
Playing ST. LOUIS—Jan. 12 thru 31

Baruch had at least \$2,100,000 in cash in safe-deposit boxes when the panic came was not accidental. He has made money out of every depression and panic since 1900, by anticipating each one, by selling out when prices were high, though seldom at the top, and by selective buying at low prices.

More and more, in the years before the first great war, Baruch took part in the development and reorganization of large companies. He put \$1,000,000 into a gold-mining company called Goldfields Consolidated; nearly \$800,000 into a Brazilian coffee company; \$925,000 into the Intercontinental Rubber Company, for which he undertook extensive preliminary studies, particularly of guayule—researches that helped him later in his Rubber Report, during the second World War; \$1,000,000 into the Wabash Railroad; and lesser amounts into other enterprises. He was rewarded by all these ventures except the one in coffee, on which he lost most of what he had invested; in this case, a man whose information he trusted, Baruch says, "stuck his head in the sand" and failed to pass danger signals on to Baruch.

When Baruch entered government service, in 1917, as a member of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, he immediately sold most of his securities and disposed of his Stock Exchange seat, so that he could not be accused of war profiteering. His income dropped from \$2,301,028.03, in 1916, to \$617,061.67, in 1917, and in 1918 and 1919, despite an income of around \$200,000 from Liberty Bonds, which then comprised about three-quarters of his wealth, his tax returns showed net losses, because the Liberty Bond income was tax-free and he was able to show capital losses that more than wrote off the rest of his revenue. During his tenure on the Council and, later, when he was Chairman of the War Industries Board, he kept only three extensive investments—securities of the Alaska Juneau Gold Mining Company, which at that time were practically worthless; of Texas Gulf Sulphur, which he kept because the company was not yet in production; and of a tungsten outfit called the Atolia Mining Company. Tungsten was used in war manufactures, and Baruch tried to sell this stock, but no one would buy it, because it appeared that Atolia's ore reserves were about to give out. During his war service, Atolia paid him dividends of about \$300,000; he gave this money to the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, the Y.M.C.A., the

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play
ALLEGRO
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Entire Production staged by AGNES de MILLE
MAJESTIC Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
ST. JAMES Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
Week Jan. 12—COLONIAL Thea., Akron
Week of Jan. 19—
AUDITORIUM, Charleston, W. Va.

THE LONDON COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
LONDON—THEATRE ROYAL, Drury Lane

S. N. BEHRMAN'S New Comedy
JANE
Based on a story by SOMERSET MAUGHAM
ON TOUR—ENGLAND

CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Weeks of Jan. 5, 12 & 19
NATIONAL Theatre, Washington

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CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL

BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St. Evs 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL

HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"A SUPERB DRAMA"
Atkinson, Times
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

KATHARINE GODFREY
CORNELL TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
MARTIN BECK, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ALLEGRO*

"CELEBRATION IS THE WORD FOR THIS OCCASION. By way of celebrating its 30th season, The Theatre Guild came to town with 'Allegro' a new musical play by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II."

— NEWSWEEK

*ELEVENTH IN A SERIES OF
N. Y. DRAMATIC CRITICS' PRAISE OF
"ALLEGRO" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE

"I RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY."
Wolcott Gibbs, The New Yorker

FRED F. FINKLEHOFF presents
Basil RATHBONE • Wendy HILLER

"The Heiress"

by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
with Patricia COLLINGE
Production by JED HARRIS

BILTMORE, W. 47 ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.

A ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY
with Melodies of

TCHAIKOVSKY

Music in My Heart

Staged by
HASSARD SHORT

ADELPHI Thea., 54th Street East of B'way
Evs. 8:30. Mats. WED. and SAT. 2:30

"For Love or Money"

introduces a brilliant young actress in June Lockhart. She's the brightest American ingenue to hit Broadway since Margaret Sullivan made her exciting debut."

—MORHOUSE, Sun

with John LODER • Vicki CUMMINGS • June LOCKHART
HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.



"THE WITTIEST
PLAY
IN TOWN"
Atkinson, Times

MAURICE EVANS
in

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY

Man and Superman

ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. • CI 5-5226
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

MOTION PICTURE

"A thrilling film and an
artistic triumph!"—LIFE MAG.

The THEATRE GUILD presents
the RKO RADIO PICTURE

'MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA'

TWICE DAILY 2:30 & 8:30 P. M.
SUNDAYS 2:00, 5:15 & 8:30 P. M.
Prices include tax; Evenings and 5:15 Sunday show
\$1.80 and \$2.40—regular matinees \$1.20 and \$1.80
RESERVED SEATS ONLY

GOLDEN Theatre
45th ST • WEST OF BROADWAY

Y.M.H.A., the Salvation Army, and other charities. In 1919, when he returned to private life, he had \$8,500,000 in war bonds, \$1,300,000 in his three big investments, and his usual supply of cash in the bank—a fortune, all together, of well over \$10,000,000.

This fortune tripled itself in the years between wars, thanks mostly to a single investment. Baruch never returned to the stock market as a speculator; he preferred now to devote himself exclusively to developing industrial and mining companies. The one on which he really struck it rich was Texas Gulf Sulphur. In 1909, a representative of J. P. Morgan had asked Baruch to investigate a sulphur dome called Bryanmound, in Brazoria County, Texas. After his inquiry, Baruch reported to Morgan that the dome stood a fifty-fifty chance of paying off, that the property would cost \$500,000, and that he himself was willing to gamble half that much. Morgan said, "I never gamble," and dismissed Baruch. Baruch, who had worshipped Morgan ever since he had first seen him, back when Baruch was a messenger boy for Tatum, was intensely annoyed by the old man's brushoff, and thereupon determined to go on with a sulphur investment of his own. Hurt feelings were not his only incentive. Sulphur, which is used in gunpowder, cement, matches, certain fertilizers, vulcanized rubber, and many other products, had previously to be imported, mostly from Sicily; mining it cheaply in America might prove to be enormously profitable. Baruch bought some sulphurous land in Matagorda County, about forty miles from Bryanmound, and formed the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company. He put up approximately one-fifth of the company's capital, around \$1,225,000. The company did not get into production until four months after the war ended. In the twenties, when its principal rival, the Union Sulphur Company, in Louisiana, exhausted its reserves, Baruch's company became the largest sulphur producer in the world. Baruch sold out in the late twenties. The stock he had bought at \$10 a share reached a high of \$340, and had he held all his shares until that top was reached, he would have had a profit of more than \$30,000,000 and would have received, as well, dividends of more than \$8,000,000. He says now, "I couldn't wait." He made a profit, nevertheless, of "a few million."

MUCH of Baruch's time in recent years has been taken up with giving money away and not giving fi-

nancial amateurs advice about investments. He settled fortunes on his one son and two daughters when they reached their majorities, on the theory that if they were not old enough to handle money then, they never would be. Besides donating money to the standard charities for the standard tax reasons, he has put considerable amounts into charitable enterprises of his own, both private and public. The most spectacular of these was an effort to keep up the work his father had begun in physical medicine; for this he gave \$400,000 to Columbia, \$250,000 to N.Y.U., \$250,000 to the Medical College of Virginia, \$100,000 to various other medical schools, and \$100,000 to provide fellowships and residencies.

Every day, everywhere he goes, friends and strangers ask Baruch what to do with their dollars. Most of them find his answer disappointing, for he invariably says, rather brusquely, "I don't know. Don't ask me. How should I know?" This reticence of his is partly the result of an unfortunate experience he had in 1915, when a prospectus for four hundred thousand shares of Alaska Juneau Gold Mining stock, offered at 10, bore the notice "All stock not taken by public subscription will be taken by Eugene Meyer, Jr., and B. M. Baruch." After the issue was sold, Alaska Juneau went to 13½. Then the company's mine was found to have unexpectedly poor ore, and the stock began to drop—to 6¾ in 1916, to 1 in 1917, and to ¾ in 1920. Baruch felt a grave responsibility because of all the money that had been lost, but, unlike most of the investors, he hung onto his stock, and in the late twenties more efficient mining techniques were employed, and the company began to make money. So great is Baruch's reputation for infallibility in speculation that people even go so far as to eavesdrop to get the hints they want. One evening some years ago, he was called from the dinner table in his New York apartment to the telephone. He speaks loudly over the telephone, and the dinner guests could hear him shouting, "Consolidated Gas? Yes, yes! That's good! That's fine! Yes, yes! Good!" Two weeks later, one of the ladies who had been present came to him in tears, saying that she had lost a lot of money on Consolidated Gas, and that she had bought it on his recommendation. He told her, when he learned that she was referring to what he had said on the phone, that the call had been a report from a consultant whom he had asked to look into Consolidated Gas because he felt that its price was unjusti-

fiably high; the consultant had confirmed Baruch's suspicion, and in the following days he had begun to sell his stock just as the hopeful lady had bought.

Baruch had an especially difficult time fighting off tip hounds in the twenties, when nearly everyone's tip was good, because almost every stock was going up. He had made friends in that decade with a number of men who, somewhat to their surprise, found themselves well off—men like Alexander Woollcott, Harpo Marx, Arthur Krock, and Franklin P. Adams. They had hundreds of thousands of sudden dollars, and they scarcely had time to write and act and think, what with trafficking in the latest dope on American Can, American Locomotive, American Lima Bean, and so on. They cultivated whatever financial wizards they could corner. Toward the end of the boom, in 1929, some of them were invited by Baruch for a long weekend in Atlantic City. No one could remember ever having received so much as the whisper of a tip from him, but they were extremely hopeful that he would come through this time. All that weekend, the conversation was about duckhunting, horses, politics, the theatre, books—but not stocks. Just before the party was to break up, Baruch proposed a constitutional on the boardwalk. Several men went, and all the way the zealous tip gatherers walked, ears pricked, in step with the famous speculator. He said nothing. Finally, Woollcott was brash enough to start talking obliquely about stocks. Baruch stopped walking. "Do you know what I'd do with my money," he said, "if I were you fellows?" Silence; hard breathing. "I'd put it," Baruch said, "in four-per-cent bonds." The eager tip hounds were astounded. They wondered later, while stocks went up and up, whether the old man had been teasing them, but then they recalled how earnest he had seemed. They decided that Baruch was the greatest disappointment of their financial careers; he must have been immensely lucky in the market, that was all. A few weeks later, the crash came.—JOHN HERSEY

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[From Hedda Hopper's column in the News]

Furrier Al Teitelbaum has a sense of humor or he wouldn't have designed a white mink Christmas tree. He used 67 little mink skins in the project.

COURVOISIER

facts your taste will confirm

1. Noticeably unique flavor

2. Unchanging quality

"...a joy
forever."

How magically do these three words speak of beauty to the initiated! And the one word "COURVOISIER" tells the cognac connoisseur the story of supreme quality, unique flavor and bouquet.

For your enjoyment, ask
for COURVOISIER—
not just brandy.



84 PROOF

Enjoy
The Brandy
of Napoleon

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ALL COURVOISIER COGNACS
BEAR THIS REGISTERED PHRASE

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FROM SULLIVAN TO BLITZSTEIN

I TOOK a twelve-year-old, comparatively innocent in the theatre, to "The Mikado," and it was his rapturous verdict that it was a perfectly wonderful show. He thought that Martyn Green, as Ko-Ko, was the funniest man he'd ever seen on the stage, especially in that great moment when he ran right up the side of a piece of scenery, and regretted that the play had to end as it did, with his marriage to Katsisha, who struck him as a very unpleasant woman, who sang too many loud, dull songs. He was also convulsed by

Richard Watson's Pooh-Bah and Darrell Fancourt's Mikado, and he liked Charles Dorning as Pish-Tush rather better than Thomas Round as Nanki-Poo, possibly because he had less to do with love, a topic that has a tendency to make my young acquaintance itch. Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo didn't interest him particularly, I'm afraid, though he admitted that they could sing all right, and there were sections of the plot, when nobody was falling down or getting kicked in the seat, that impressed him as uneventful. How-

ever, he admired the music even more than that he had recently heard in "Annie Get Your Gun" and "High Button Shoes," though he felt that it was sung much too fast, so that a lot of the words eluded him.

I quote these unprofessional opinions because my own, after seeing "The Mikado" done by everybody in the world with the possible exception of the Princeton Triangle Club, are necessarily a little jaded and routine. I guess on the whole he was right—a wonderful show and a wonderful bunch of actors. "The Mikado," of course, is over now and the D'Oyly Carte Company is doing another operetta up at the New Century. It is probably pretty wonderful, too, and I'd suggest that you try to make arrangements to see it, preferably taking somebody to whom Gilbert-and-Sullivan is still something new and strange.



"ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

In this picture, Katharine Cornell is demonstrating her infinite variety to Godfrey Tearle, while Kent Smith, as Enobarbus, looks on. At the Martin Beck.

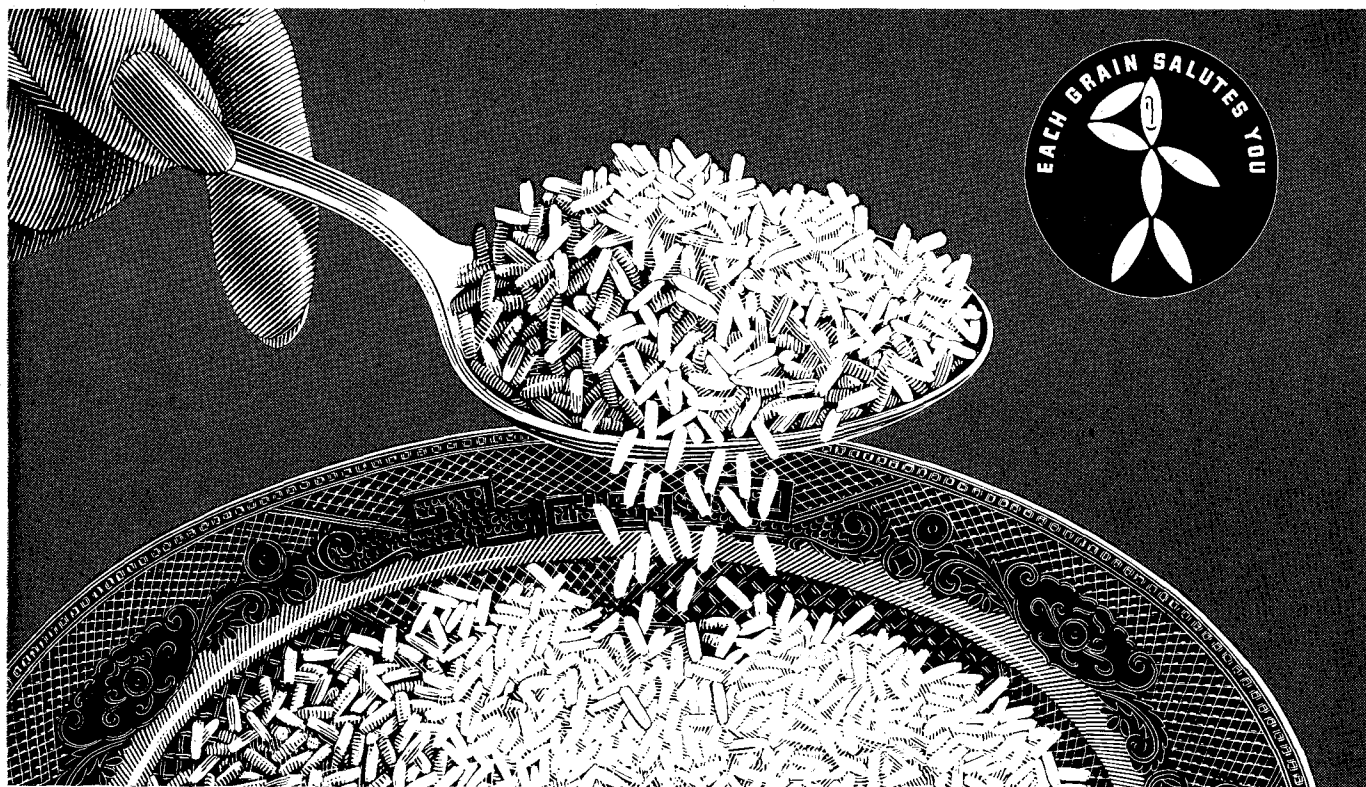
LIFE has complicated itself a good deal in the past ten years, and the idea that the Open Shop lies at the root of all the evils in the world isn't quite as satisfactory as an explanation as it once was. Nevertheless, "The Cradle Will Rock," which hasn't too much else to say, remains a fine, robust, hilarious show. The emphasis has shifted considerably. The happily named Mister family—Mr. Mister, Mrs. Mister, Sister Mister, and Junior Mister (*Master* Mister would have been even nicer)—are apt to seem rather elementary villains to audiences who have come to realize that there is an infinity of moral shades between black and white, and the triumphant labor organizer, who in 1937 seemed to be proclaiming the actual dawn of a new day, may strike you as uncomfortably ingenuous and even a little pathetic now. However, in spite of the fact that it has lost most of its political bite, "The Cradle Will Rock" is still marvellously funny on the level of simple comedy, and in its serious moments it still pictures human suffering with touching eloquence, even though it hardly appears to be suggesting any coherent remedies.

Marc Blitzstein's score, now performed by an orchestra on the stage at the Mansfield, instead of by a single piano, as it was before, is very impressive, and the cast, which includes Alfred Drake, Will Geer, Muriel Smith, Vivian Vance, Estelle Loring, and David Thomas, is as talented as any in town.

SOMEWHERE in the second act of "Topaze," which opened and closed practically simultaneously at the

NEW KIND OF RICE

Anyone can cook it like an expert



It's so easy to prepare. Sunny-colored grains that cook white and fluffy every time. The grains stand apart—"Each grain salutes you." Richer, fuller, nut-like flavor.

The new idea in rice that created so much interest among food chemists and the Army's food experts early in the war, is now becoming available at food stores everywhere.

Fluffs Up—Looks Nicer

Leading chefs like it because it fluffs up—looks nicer on the plate. They have learned, too, that it may be kept, either hot or cold, without gumming up or sticking to the pan. Naturally it goes further. You will like it for the same good reasons.

White Magic in Cooking

The first thing you will notice about Uncle Ben's *Converted* Rice is that the grains are sunny colored. But presto! In cooking, the grains turn white and fluffy.

No Pot Watching

You don't have to time Uncle Ben's Rice to the minute. If dinner is delayed a little, you can still have fine, fluffy, good-tasting rice.

Richer, Fuller Flavor

Another happy discovery about Uncle Ben's will be its flavor—a delicate, nut-like taste—a richer, fuller flavor than

you have ever known in rice. It's a taste you don't tire of . . . a wonderful new eating experience.

And best of all, you'll find that it's a lot less trouble to cook Uncle Ben's Rice. You can forget about the washing, rinsing and steaming that take extra time and require extra utensils.

B Vitamins Saved

This is the product that The Reader's Digest called a "Revolution in Rice."

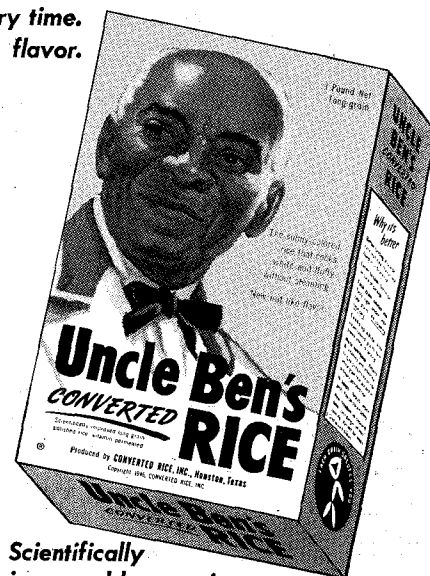
This is the product that the U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps took control of during the war because of its high vitamin value and because it kept better in any climate.

This is the product that nutritionists have been enthusiastic about because our new patented process (exclusive with Uncle Ben's) saves, in the rice kernel itself, a high percentage of B vitamins and other whole-grain properties that are largely lost in ordinary polished rice.

Try this grand-tasting new rice—in your favorite rice dish—soon.

CONVERTED RICE, INC.
Houston, Texas

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Scientifically improved long-grain polished rice—vitamin permeated.
The sunny-colored rice that cooks white.

Uncle Ben's RICE

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worsted exclusive

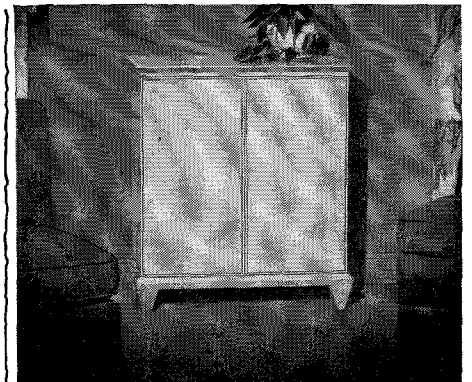
Figuratively and literally speaking...this little ballerina suit makes all the rounds. Admirably tailored from shawl collar to swinging hem, our newest ingenu of pure wool worsted is tab-pocketed, pinch-waisted and unpressed pleated. Navy, beige. In sizes from 9 to 15 . . . **69.95**

DE PINNA

FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N.Y. 19

Morosco, the startled hero cried, "Ah, so *these* are the secret dramas of high society!" It was easy to understand his emotion, since Marcel Pagnol, the author, had created an atmosphere of really astounding chic and depravity. It was at about this time, if I'm not mistaken, that M. Régis Castel-Benac, a French municipal official corrupt beyond our simple American dream, murmured to his lovely mistress, "What? You don't know that Picard is my wife's lover? I assure you everybody else in town does. That just shows how little interest you take in my career." And this outrageous remark was by no means a high, or low, point in the wicked conversation that abounded on the stage, as we were also told of a hundred-thousand-franc bribe demanded in connection with a crooked contract, of a fantastic blackmail scheme urbanely defeated by counter-blackmail, of an honorary degree conferred by a famous politician in return for silence regarding his affiliation with a disorderly house, and, indeed, of every brand of fashionable turpitude that would be likely to suggest itself to a lively imagination. It was a society that might easily have amused the Emperor Caligula, and its doings were discussed in a language, a system of high-toned and intricate epigrams, that often suggested a rather elementary parody of S. N. Behrman.

Maxwell Anderson, in the course of some virtuous reproof to the critics, once said that a totally immoral play, one from which the hero emerged a worse but happier man than he was when he went in, would be intolerable to right-thinking people. "Topaze," of course, was a perfect example of this kind of entertainment. In the beginning, its protagonist was a poor teacher, full of lofty ideals but oppressed by insect authorities and dismally inept in love. By some unlikely chance, he was thrown in with an accomplished crook and a lady who lived by her pretty wits, and though he was at first appalled by their behavior, he eventually learned to imitate it so successfully that at the final curtain he was the most distinguished swindler and the merriest amorist in all France. By Mr. Anderson's standards, I must be a moral imbecile, or 'Jukes, because, after stirring restively throughout the first act, while the dull case for integrity was being presented, I had quite a cheerful time the rest of the evening. It wasn't much of a play, I'm sure, but it had that gay, ridiculous perversity at which the French have always been so expert and which



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I have always found rather appealing in the theatre.

Oscar Karlweis, in the title role, gave an amusing and intelligent performance, employing a kind of stylized overacting that was probably the only way to make Topaze's incredible transition from total innocence to absolute cynicism acceptable to an audience. Tilly Losch, as the most stylish kept woman to appear on the stage for a long while, had a fine, languid charm, and Clarence Derwent, playing the grafting protector for the second time, since he appeared in the original New York production in 1930, handled this absurd part with a great deal of humor. The others, especially Joe E. Marks, Robert Chisholm, and Helen Bonfils, were all very engaging, too.

AFTER a brief sampling of Ruth Draper's current one-woman show at the Empire, I can report that this great national institution has been neither altered nor diminished by the years. The numbers I saw, though their text, of course, was different, were spiritually exactly like the ones I witnessed a quarter of a century ago. They were acutely observed, acted in a very grand manner indeed, and each one of them could have done with ruthless cutting. This form of entertainment has some mysterious association in my mind with Burton Holmes' Travelogues, and adolescent visits to the Museum of Natural History—an air, that is, of compulsory but rather agreeable uplift—and I recommend it to you if you are in a mood for reliving the pleasant past. Miss Draper will be at the Empire for three more weeks, following a complicated schedule reported elsewhere in this magazine. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

These official diamond flickers always settle some point or other. The 1947 picture determines the precise nature of the ball which Joe DiMaggio hit, and Al Gionfriddo caught, in the sixth contest of the classic, which Brooklyn won by 8 to 6, to deadlock the series. The picture proves beyond all doubt that Gionfriddo grabbed the ball just as it was dropping into the bullpen area in left field, and that he saved a homer. . . —*The World-Telegram, December 17th.*

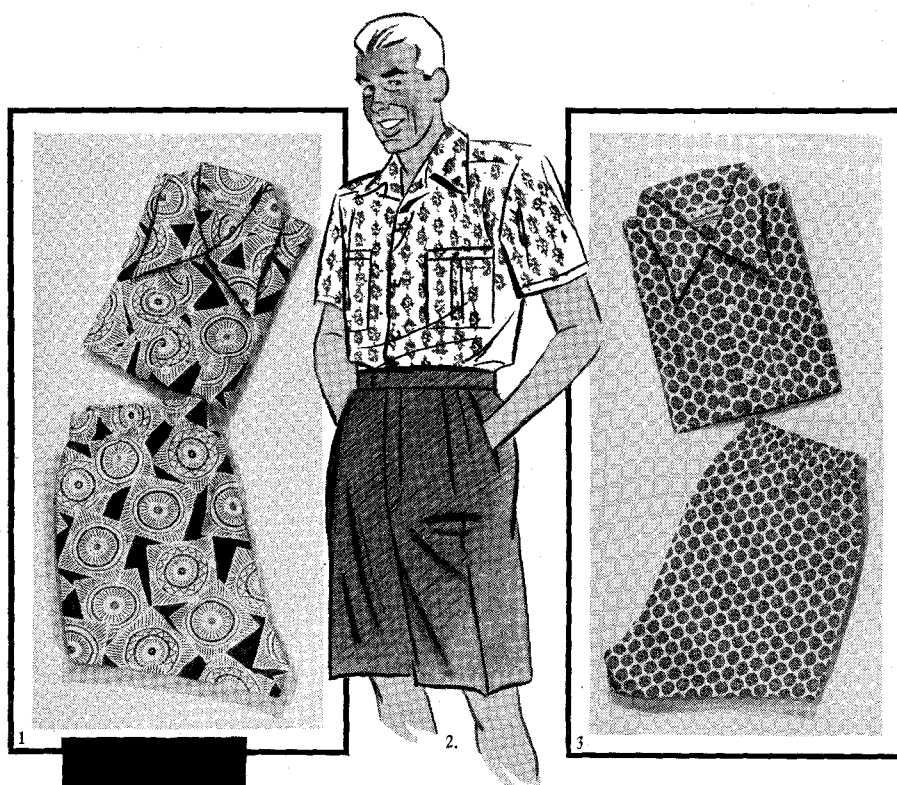
The movies also show that John Lindell's tumbling catch of Jackie Robinson's liner on the leftfield foul line at Ebbets Field was at least as spectacular as Al Gionfriddo's robbery on Joe DiMaggio. Incidentally, the pictures indicate that the ball would not have cleared the bullpen gate for a homer. —*The Journal-American, same day.*

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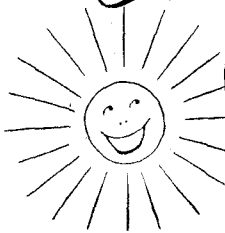
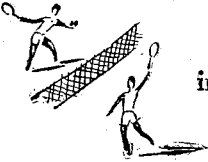
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OF ALL THINGS

THERE is a wide difference of opinion about how large a vote Mr. Wallace can get as an independent candidate for President. Everybody agrees, though, that if Henry could actually win the support of all the people who want peace and prosperity, a landslide would have to be named after him.

The New Year's Eve celebration in New York was diminished by bad transportation and the high cost of cheer. On the other hand, never before did happy bells ring across so much snow.

Indications are that prices will keep rising in 1948, and the Republicans and Democrats will blame each other for this state of affairs. If the consumer gets no relief, he will know two reasons why.

Mr. Truman has expressed confidence in his political future by deciding to have a back porch built on the White House. This is not the action of a faint-hearted man planning to move to Missouri.

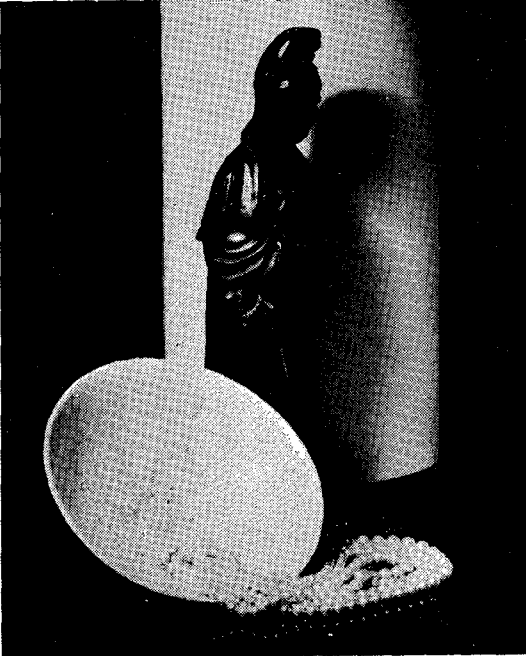
New York has been momentarily saved from tugboat, barge, and tanker strikes, but the cable workers are on strike. The supply of bad news from abroad, however, does not seem to be seriously threatened.

General Charles de Gaulle takes the position that trade unions must be abolished and that associations of labor and management must be formed and placed under state control. Any resemblance to the ideas of the late A. Hitler is undoubtedly coincidental.

Statistics show that long historical novels enjoyed the best sales last year. Book buyers evidently found that they could get more for their dollar by sticking to the large, economy family size.

Arthur Vandenberg has declared himself out of the race for the Presidential nomination. After a certain amount of reflection, the Michigan statesman chooses to run the United States Senate.

Former King Michael of Rumania can look forward to a long life of leisure. All he has to do from now on is draw his pension and lean against an Alp.
—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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UNESCO, XOCHIMILCO, AND A LIKELY OSCAR

MEXICO CITY

A FRENCH anthropology professor who had just arrived in Mexico City for the second session of the General Conference of the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization eagerly asked the taxi-driver taking him to his hotel where he could find Unesco. "She is no longer in Mexico," said the driver. "She has married King Carol and they have gone away." The professor began a sober, patient lecture on the essential points of difference between Unesco and Lupescu, and by the time he reached his hotel, he had received the driver's promise to attend a Unesco meeting on the question of permitting scientists of all nations to conduct archeological research in whatever country they wish to. For the last month, the professor, like most of his colleagues at the conference (there are two hundred delegates, representing the forty member nations of Unesco, and some six hundred alternates, observers, and advisers), has been telling anyone who will listen, before, during, and after conference hours, that Unesco is now officially one year old and that it is going "to contribute to peace and security by promoting collaboration among the nations through education, science, and culture, in order to further universal respect for justice, for the rule of law, and for the human rights and fundamental freedoms which are affirmed for the peoples of the world without distinction of race, sex, language, or religion by the Charter of the United Nations." Maybe all of Unesco's apostles don't get the words of this declaration of intentions precisely right, but at least every one of them has a good idea how it goes, and that is enough for their excited Mexican listeners, who think it sounds just dandy.

In a way, this has turned out to be the most successful international conference since the war, for Mexico and Unesco have taken to each other with such uninhibited enthusiasm that it is impossible to say which has made the more favorable impression on the other. If in some parts of the world that the delegates earnestly hope is being welded into one Unesco is still thought of as a kind of biscuit, they can comfort themselves with the knowledge that, as a result of the conference, Mexicans, at any rate, are well up on the subject. And the delegates are equally well up on Mexico. Meetings have occasionally been postponed to allow the visitors to

journey out to inspect archeological treasures—the Zapotec funeral urn, in Oaxaca, for example, or the Great Pyramid of the Sun, in San Juan Teotihuacán. The other day, I went along with the delegates to the Yucatán Club, in Xochimilco, to attend what had been announced as a luncheon to be given in Unesco's honor by the head man of the town. It turned out to be a seven-hour fiesta, during which a nine-course meal, accompanied by half a dozen wines, was served, Mexican *charros* and *chinas* serenaded the delegates with a song called "An Old Love," and the Xochimilco police orchestra played "Viva Mexico!" with so much gusto that the Unesco observer from the International Catholic Coördinating Committee, a Reverend Father Rupp, stopped smoking a six-inch cigar long enough to contribute a couple of lusty "vivas," while some of the others joined in with piercing cowboy yells. Dr. Julian Huxley, the British biologist, who is Director General of Unesco, wrapped himself in a borrowed serape, put on a sombrero, and graciously posed

before approximately eight hundred 35-millimetre cameras. Then everyone went for a ride through the floating gardens in boats trimmed with flowers spelling out the names of all the countries of the one world. There was even a boat labelled "U.S.S.R.," although the U.S.S.R. has not yet joined Unesco. One of the few Russians down here is Alexander Kolesnikov, secretary of the United Nations observer group at the conference and a passionate user of his 35-millimetre camera.

ALL of Mexico seems to be collaborating with Unesco in the interest of culture. Huxley has received stacks of letters from Mexican school children telling him that they are doing their lessons because he wants them to. When the conference opened, the Confederación Nacional Campesina, a union of serenaders, sent three hundred of its members to serenade Unesco with a song saluting "*la Unesco, una asamblea fraternal*." Since the discussions got under way here, two things, at least, have become clear: There is a mutual affection between the Mexicans and the Unesco delegates, and both the Mexicans and the delegates have in common





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an energetic determination to accomplish their purpose, any purpose, even if in a disorganized way. The result is confusion, but the result is also progress. Both groups, moreover, seem to meekly accept the influence, cultural and otherwise, of the United States with one hand and to benignly reject it with the other. Both take siestas from one to four every afternoon and still manage to give the impression of working very hard. Early in the conference, William Benton, the head of the American delegation, told the press that the United States did not want to impose its culture upon any other nation. His statement was given an impressive play by the papers the following morning. When I came down to breakfast in my hotel, the manager's assistant, a young Mexican named Enrique, who favors Sinatra bow ties, showed me Benton's statement and asked, "Is he *kidding*?" Every midnight, outside my hotel window, an organ grinder plays "Red River Valley." Barefoot boys peddle packages of Chiclets and Bub-O-Loon on the streets, and the city is full of Orange Crush, Dr. Pepper, Eagle pencils, Wimpy's hamburger stands, Nunn-Bush shoe stores, and recordings by Spike Jones. The movie theatres are featuring "Poseida," with Joan Crawford y Van Heflin, and "Tarzan el Hombre Mono." The relatively few Mexicans who own radios keep them turned up loud, and, passing a dark doorway now and then at night, I have been startled by the sinister admonition coming from somewhere way inside, "*Cuando tenga digestión acida, tome Alka-Seltzer.*" One of the theatres is sponsoring a Mexican Dr. I.Q., who gives away cartons of American candy to contestants answering such questions as "Does Mexico have more living ex-presidents than any other country? How many?" (Answers: Yes. Six.)

Sears, Roebuck set up shop in Mexico City several months ago, and their store, on the Avenida Insurgentes, is said to be the only one in Mexico with a parking lot for customers. "Sears is on a high level down here, not at all like in the States," one of the sub-managers told me the other day. "We're the Marshall Field of Latin America, the Saks Fifth Avenue of Mexico. Where else around here can you buy a Betsy-Wetsy?" At the moment, as a matter of fact, Sears is all out of the Betsy-Wetsys, but it has a variety of other American *muñecas*, including one called Sissy Sue, who, complete with layette, costs seventy-six pesos, or about

fifteen dollars in United States currency—something like three times the weekly income of the average Mexican peon and twice that of a Mexican traffic cop. "Back in the States," the Sears man said, "we sell more work gloves than any other concern. Here, we can't get rid of them, even at two pesos a pair. The fellow who works with his hands can't afford to buy them." There is a shiny new escalator in the Sears store, and the management is considering putting up a warning sign near it reading, "Do not get on in bare feet."

UNESCO's formal sessions have been held in the Escuela Nacional de Maestros, a normal-school building that is still under construction and that, when completed, will accommodate twelve thousand students. The conference faced a brief crisis before it even got started, when the power system at the school failed, and the electrically operated duplicating machines that had been set up in one of the rooms couldn't grind out copies of the quantities of documents that had been prepared for presentation to the delegates. "My God!" the man in charge of the duplicators said a while ago. "Who ever heard of a conference without documents? Fortunately, we were able to call on the President of the Republic for help, and everything has been going swimmingly ever since." By "swimmingly," he meant that the duplicating machines have been turning out a hundred and seventy-five million words daily, and eating up a ton and a half of paper in doing so. Some delegates take it for granted that the others have familiarized themselves with the contents of every document. I sat in on one meeting at which a Brazilian delegate got up, proposed that "Chapter 1A of the Program for 1948, documents 2 C/E, should be adopted in full," and sat down. When I asked one of my neighbors what was being discussed, he replied, "You need 2 C/G/7 and 2 C/G/8 to get the idea." There has, of course, been a certain amount of repetition and delay. "I've had my lowest moments here," George Stoddard, president of the University of Illinois, said not long ago. "It seems that anyone can present a resolution. The national delegations present them. Committees present them. And then somebody just sits down and writes one out. Why, some of these meetings remind me of classes where both the students and the teacher have come unprepared. The trouble here is people aren't doing their homework."

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conference has managed to map out a staggeringly ambitious program of projects to further the cause of peace. Working this year on a budget of around eight million dollars (the United States is paying about forty per cent), which is less than one-tenth of the yearly cost of maintaining New York City's Police Department, Unesco hopes, among other things, to establish, throughout the world, the principle of universal free and compulsory education, as well as provide a modicum of education for uneducated adults; to set up a worldwide radio network, in the event that the General Assembly of the United Nations does not vote to establish one itself; to spend four hundred thousand dollars on a press, radio, and film project to further reciprocal understanding of national cultures; to put into effect an international scheme to enable the people of one country to buy the books of the people of another more easily; to reproduce important literary, scientific, and artistic works on microfilm for international distribution; to establish an International Institute of the Hylean Amazon to conduct and coördinate scientific research in the Amazon Basin region; to continue the operation of four Field-Science Cooperation Stations in regions of the Middle East, Far East, South Asia, and Latin America that are far from the main centers of science and technology; to promote the French anthropology professor's dream of permitting free access to places of archeological importance; to encourage an exchange of students by establishing a world association of universities; to compile catalogues of musical and visual art in all parts of the world; to create an international pool of literature, an international music institute, and an international theatre institute; and to educate a hundred thousand natives of Tanganyika, in the heart of East Africa, so that they will be able to take over the commercial cultivation of groundnuts from the British. "Boy, a Hollywood Oscar won't mean a thing three or four years from now!" an American observer assured me. "You wait and see what happens when Unesco starts handing out *its* Oscars!"

ONE man who will almost certainly be awarded a Unesco Oscar for enthusiasm is John Grierson, the organization's Director of Mass Communications and Director of Public Information. He is a bouncing, restless little Scotsman with a suggestion of the early Charlie Chaplin about him. "Here, for the first time, all the prima donnas of the

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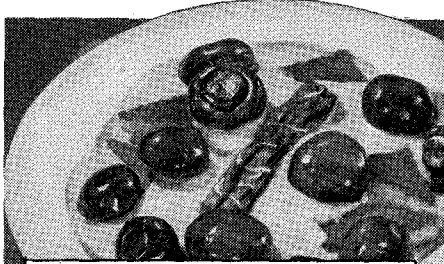
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world are being given an opportunity to integrate their work realistically!" he shouted at me when I met him in a corridor. "All the sentimental slobbery of the world uplifters is out! We are the professional conscience of the world. We're not going to be another Committee on Intellectual Coöperation, the old League of Nations what-do-you-call-it." Grierson is impatient with all the red tape that always seems to be part of any internationally minded organization. "We've got too many clerks!" he went on, pronouncing it "clarks," in a tone that would have terrified anyone who had ever spent much time around a filing cabinet. "If the reports are in duplicate, the clerks want them in triplicate. When they're in triplicate, they want them in quadruplicate. To hell with paper-pushing! Let's get on with pointing the finger at the scientists and educators and saying, 'What are you doing about peace in the world today?'"

Grierson's restlessness is matched by that of Director General Huxley, who has an air of desperation that seems to stimulate everyone around him to a frenzy of activity. "Only Leonardo da Vinci could fill the D.G.'s job without jumping around," one of Huxley's several solemn assistants tells visitors. Huxley came to Mexico equipped with a magnifying glass, binoculars, a camera, and his wife, and he has been dragging all of them off on trips—between conference sessions, luncheons, cocktail parties, and buffet suppers—to look at Aztec pyramids. (At the start of the sessions, it was agreed not to give any parties. Now there are three parties a night, on the average, and the delegates ponderously weigh the merits of each before deciding which one to go to.) "Last year, we didn't know what sort of animal we were," Huxley told me one afternoon when I dropped into his office. He was reading some of the letters from Mexican school children, a project he consented to put aside for a minute only after deliberating with an assistant the wisdom of such action. "This year, we know whether we're going to be a donkey or a chicken." Jacques Maritain, the white-haired French philosopher who is his country's Ambassador to the Vatican and head of its Unesco delegation, may have been expressing the same idea, more philosophically, on the day he told the assembled delegates, "When we are concerned with a basic practical ideology and basic principles of action implicitly recognized today, in a live, even if not formulated, state, by the consciousness of free peoples, we find that they constitute *grosso modo* a sort

of common denominator, a sort of unwritten common law, at the point where in practice the most widely separated theoretical ideologies and mental traditions converge." A few days later, the Polish delegate stood up and suggested that the conference send congratulations to Princess Elizabeth on the occasion of her wedding. This was done.

There are a number of young men in pin-striped suits and young ladies in oxfords dashing along the corridors here, borrowing benzedrine tablets from each other and seeing to it that reports once issued in triplicate are now issued in quadruplicate. (I picked up one of these documents; which I found kicking around on a stairway. It was a statement by the United States about the free international flow of information, and it was marked "Restricted.") There are prolonged discussions in lonely corners of the building, and in getting from one room to another I have heard such comments as "Polynesia should be on your conscience!" and "You are the only American under fifty years of age I can talk to." A lady delegate from the Philippines arrives at the school each day in street dress and changes to a costume made of pineapple fibre that so fascinates the delegates that they have a good deal of trouble giving their attention to the speakers. The conference is costing three hundred and ninety thousand dollars. The delegates have decided to hold next year's session in Beirut, Lebanon, much to the delight of Lebanon's delegates, including Msgr. Jean Maroun, who upon arriving here tolerantly agreed, in view of Mexico's ban on wearing clerical garb in public, to substitute a conservative black suit for the flowing robes he wore at Unesco's first session, in Paris. He often looks at the lady in the pineapple-fibre dress with a good deal of envy. For the most part, the conference has been an amiable one, and, except for occasional disputes about the use of the word "brackets" instead of "parentheses," there have been few basic disagreements. Among those who have helped liven things up is the Reverend C. Townsend Tucker, an American observer who calls himself "The Revealer of Truth." He came down from Denver to put on what he described as "An International Musical Extravaganza in Honor of Unesco," featuring the Lord's Prayer, the "Fire Dance," by Falla, and an entertainer named Brick Top, whom he billed as "the sensational Afro-American-French interpreter of songs" and who may well have been the singer who delighted Americans in Paris before the war. The

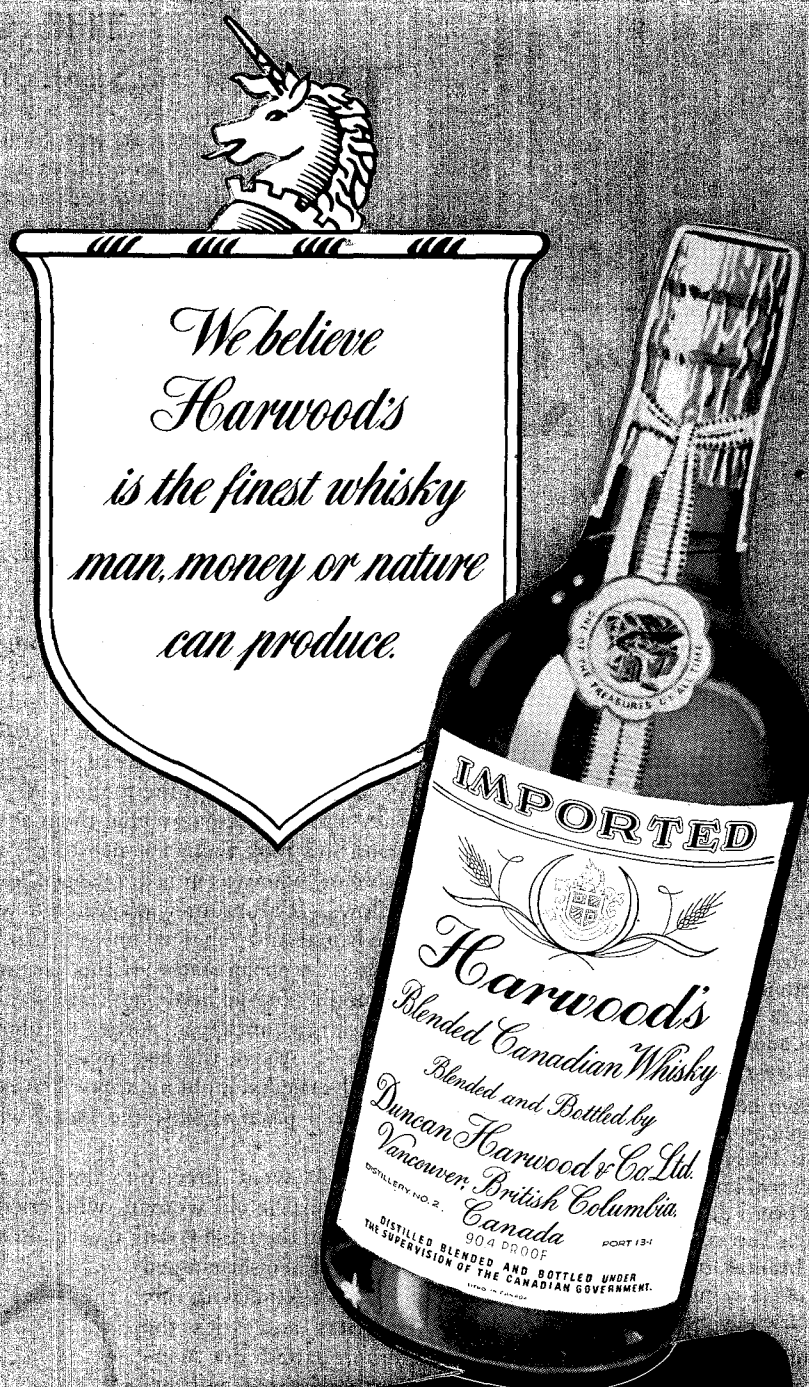
Reverend Mr. Tucker had no trouble at all getting government permission to put on his show in the National Palace of Fine Arts.

THE newspaper *Excelsior* has been printing uncomplimentary remarks about the mess the delegates make of things when they try to dance *la bamba*, *la raspa*, *el danzon*, and *la samba*. One of the visitors who do not deserve this censure is Dr. Paulo Carneiro, a professor of biochemistry at the University of Rio de Janeiro, the head of the Brazilian delegation, and a member of the Unesco Executive Board. Dr. Carneiro has been winning all the samba contests at El Patio, a local night club at which Josephine Baker was until recently performing. He is a tall, gallant gentleman, in his middle forties, who wears gold-rimmed glasses and has a remarkable way of swinging his hips. During the early part of the session, he spent most of his evenings in El Patio trying to convince his samba partners that the Hylean Amazon project was a good thing, and his efforts were rewarded when Unesco appropriated fifty-five thousand dollars for the undertaking, which will study the geology, geography, botany, zoology, and anthropology of an area of two million square miles lying between the Andes and the Atlantic Coast. Even now that there's some money assured, Dr. Carneiro continues to plug his pet enterprise. "One hundred Indian tribes down there are still living in the Stone Age—can you imagine?" he may say to his partner as he glides around the dance floor. "They are entirely out of contact with civilization and dying of malnutrition and strange diseases. We wish to study their physical conditions, languages, and cultures, which we will protect. If we do not come to the rescue, three hundred thousand Indians will disappear. We will not come like the Portuguese or Dutch, seeking gold and bringing vices, disease, and corruption. We will protect the Indians." At this point, Dr. Carneiro is likely to indulge in some particularly intricate variation of the measure and then add, "After that, of course, I suppose we shall eventually have to ask them to shoulder the burdens that civilization imposes."

—LILLIAN ROSS

The I-do-not-choose-to-run talk of Eisenhower, Marshall, MacArthur et al is described by Jane Kendall, Washington's No. 1 wit, as "pre-campaign oratory."—Danton Walker in the News.

What does the No. 2 wit call it?



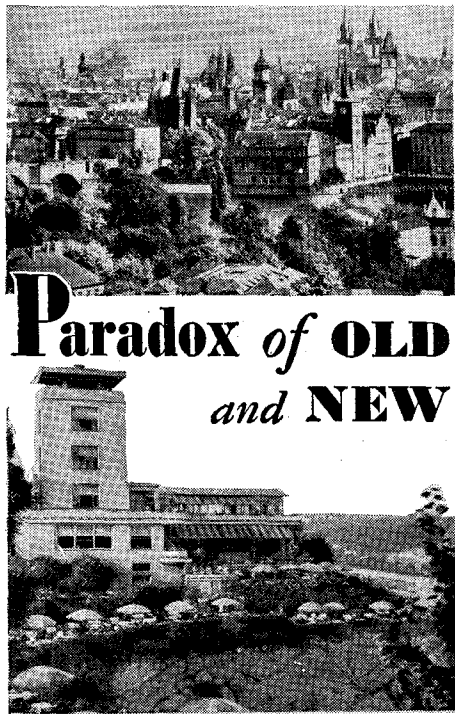
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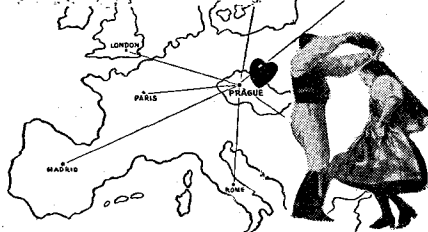
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THE OUTSIDERS

THE sun of early winter spilled through the "L" and splashed Third Avenue. It was Sunday morning. Luella and George held hands as the taxi sliced and twisted uptown through the traffic and the iron pillars of the "L." They had left New Haven after receiving a telegram from George's mother telling them that his grandmother was dead. Luella had met the old lady once. That had been eight months before, and on that day, too, George and Luella had held hands as they rode uptown in a cab. It had been the day after their wedding.

George remembered how that day had gone. They had breakfasted late and then left their hotel to visit the old lady, who lived in Harlem's Little Italy. Because she was ill, she had not come to their wedding, but she had sent, by George's Aunt Cesca, twenty dollars. It was a gift she could not afford. George wanted her to meet Luella, and he wanted to return the money. When they arrived, Cesca greeted them at the door and took them at once to the old woman, who was in bed, propped up by pillows. The room was cluttered with medicinal and religious objects. On the dresser, a cheap statue of the Virgin in a small, blue-painted kiosk stood next to a large, uncapped bottle of rubbing alcohol. Above the bed hung a heavy metal crucifix, holding three leaves of withered palm against the faded wallpaper.

Luella went directly to the bed and bent over the old woman, who cried as she kissed the fresh young face again and again. Then she clasped Luella's hand with one of hers and with the other patted the blanket beside her to indicate that Luella should sit there. Luella sat on the bed and smiled. The grandmother looked at her grandson's New England wife through rheumy eyes, and then at Cesca, and the beauty of the girl who sat beside her seemed to make her at once sad and happy. With her free hand, she caressed Luella's cheek and said, "*Quella bella figlia, quella faccia bianca e rosa come un fiore! 'Stu cuore mio è pieno d'amore e contentezza per te e Giorgio. Grazie a Dio, e faccia a terra sempre!*" Cesca translated for Luella: "Beautiful daughter of mine, with face pink and white like a young flower! My

heart overflows with love and happiness for you and George. What a moment to have you here with me!" Luella did not turn her head while Cesca spoke, but continued to smile quietly into the old lady's eyes. That was the only time Luella had met her, and now she was dead.

THE cab stopped in front of Carnale's funeral parlor. George and Luella got out and went up to the doorway, walking under the canopy that led to it from the curb. Carnale himself opened the door for them. He was a tremendous man. From his great arms hung purple, sausage-fingered, manicured hands. He weighed two hundred and eighty pounds, and he was six and a half feet tall. For forty years, he had buried the Italian dead of Harlem. Every family respected him, and at one time or another each had been in debt to him. He was priest and *padrone*, and was addressed as Don Giuseppe. To the bereaved who wept openly, he said, "Bare your heart, my friend, there is no loss like yours." To those who were silent, he said, "Deep is the sorrow that allows no tears."

Carnale had seven children. His five boys were his assistants, and he had set his two sons-in-law up in business as florists. He could eat two pounds of macaroni and three chickens at one meal and wash it all down with five bottles of wine. He smoked long, crooked cigars and could tell stories by the hour. When his debtors visited him on Sunday morning, they received a hearty welcome and an effusive offering of a *liquore speciale*.

George and Luella went at once to the room that held the casket. The air was oversweetened by the odor of flowers. Cesca was there, and Maria, George's mother, and Chesty, the old lady's second son. Maria motioned to a seat beside her, and Luella sat down. There were also other mourners—shapeless women in black—and George resisted the command to kneel that was in their eyes. He stood by the door, and they forgave him for not kneeling when they saw that he was crying. "*È figlio di Maria,*" whispered one as George turned to go out. Luella was comforting Maria, and when George started to leave the room she



signalled him that she would remain. As he stepped into the hall, George still saw the picture of Luella, young and fair, between his mother and Cesca, with the women in black as a chorus. He had no apprehension about leaving her there, for he knew that whatever she said or did would be right, but he wondered what her thoughts would be before the day was over.

THE hall was lined with photographs taken during Carnale's long career. One, made from a rooftop, showed twenty-one open horse-drawn coaches laden with flowers. The legend said it was of the funeral of a bishop who had died in 1922. Another photograph startled and disgusted George. It was taken from the foot of an open casket and showed the body of the bishop, lying in the robes of the Church. On the corpse's head rested the pointed cap of his station. A voice behind George said, "How's that for a repulsive sight?" He turned and saw Justin Gallagher, a hungry-looking Irishman, George's oldest friend, who had been best man at his and Luella's wedding.

"Look at this one," said Justin. He pointed to one that showed a casket being carried down the steps of a church. Hundreds of spectators lined the path of the pallbearers, and leading the procession was Carnale himself, twenty years younger.

"That was Little Pic's funeral," said Justin.

"Who the hell was Little Pic?" George asked.

Justin whistled softly between his teeth and, whispering hoarsely, said in an Italian accent, "He was the Guy. Wadda ya mean, 'Who was Little Pic?' He was the Guy."

"Oh," said George.

"Where's Luella?"

"Inside with my mother."

"I'll go in and say hello," Justin said.

"I'll be outside."

George went out to the sidewalk, under the canopy, and in a little while his Uncle Chesty joined him there. They shook hands warmly and lit cigarettes. "That's a wonderful girl, George," Chesty said.

"She is, Chesty. Grandma loved her, too."

They were quiet a moment; then Chesty said, "Some game, huh?"

A touch-football game was in progress in the street, and George and Chesty watched it as knowing alumni. There was no kicking or blocking, and the man in possession of the ball could

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pass it in any direction and to any teammate. The players were not children, and George and Chesty learned from their talk that they had money on the game—a dollar a man—and that some of the storekeepers had bets up, too. George heard the *pizzeria* man exhort his team from the doorway of his restaurant. "Hey, you guys, make me win my deuce!"

Each player was intent on showing what he could really do. The ball they used was worn and blackened by constant use in the streets, and its ends were protected by dirty-white crosses of adhesive tape. As George and Chesty watched, the man with the ball, the passer, gripped it in his right hand and, slapping it lightly with his left at every step, jogged forward. The man covering him for the opposite team, a stalker, came toward him warily. His shoulders were hunched and his hands, palms down, fluttered on hooked arms. The receivers ran out slowly until they almost bumped the men who were to guard them, then streaked about in crazy patterns, trying to escape. One of them put on a burst of speed and shook free, then looked back over his shoulder and screamed, "Dom! Here!" The ballcarrier faked a pass, then kept the ball and tried to run. The stalker wasn't fooled; he pounced on Dom, and the play was over. The stalker, magnanimous in his triumph, said nothing but trotted back to his teammates, while Dom stood where he was, looking around in embarrassment.

Luella and Justin came out onto the sidewalk, and Chesty showed them all a telegram. It was from Tony, his old brother.

"Arrive Newark Airport one o'clock Sunday afternoon," Chesty read, and laughed. "This afternoon, and if we're not there with a car, he'll be sore. Like when I was a kid. 'Chesty, clean the car. Chesty, go to Jersey. Chesty, come over to the place tonight.' Everybody works for Tony."

To George, his Uncle Tony was always amazing. He was affluent. George recalled that once he had heard him say, "There's nothing like a legiti-



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mate business." George also remembered the time a newspaperman had come to the door and asked his mother if she was Tony's sister. She had said that she was but that she'd been confined to the house for the last three weeks with a run-down condition. This non sequitur had puzzled George at the time, but later he had understood it; it was often less embarrassing to be sick than wholly ignorant of Tony's affairs.

CHESTY met Tony at the airport and drove him to the funeral parlor. He was stocky, handsome, white-haired. He spoke quietly and accepted homage with assurance. He was affected by his mother's death and brightened only when he saw Luella. Carnale servilely asked him if everything was all right, and quickly added that the room in which the body lay was the biggest he had. Tony ordered that a fresh blanket of roses be placed on the casket.

Later, Tony's friends came to pay their respects. They brought gifts of money to help with the expenses of the funeral, and Chesty, who kept the book in which the donations were listed, was made happy by the influx. An assemblyman, a police inspector, two police captains, several detectives, and some men who were known simply as "the boys from downtown" swelled the kitty. In Carnale's hall, and under the canopy outside, George and Luella met these people while Tony held court. He told everybody that things on the Coast were all right, and talked about a good welterweight prospect he had. He introduced George as a hero of Guadalcanal and a college-football star. George had never been on Guadalcanal, and although he had played a bit of football at college, it had been only as a substitute. One of the boys from downtown, who wore a three-carat diamond on the little finger of his left hand, asked George if any of the football players could fight. George said he didn't understand, and the man said, "I mean can they *fight*?" They're big guys. Any of them boxers?" George said he didn't think so, and the man shook his head.

The friends of Chesty, who also came, were less imposing. Among them were Larry, who owned a *pizzeria*; Joey Peanuts, the bookie; and Sammy Brown, who did all right taking numbers and drawing seventy-per-cent disability.

In addition, there were the friends of Cesca and Maria and the old lady. The old lady's friends were the ones who had come from Italy and had never

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learned to speak English. They were the mothers who went to Mass every morning wearing old shawls, the ones who fed the church on greasy coins, the ones who lighted candles for the saints. They were the women who shopped along First Avenue, buying cheese and meat, and olives from deep and musty barrels. They were the ones who paid twenty-five dollars a month for a dark and squalid flat but who during the war had gladly given the black-market *groceria* twelve dollars for a gallon of olive oil. They were the mothers who had sent imported salami to their sons stationed in Georgia. They were the ones who pinned the dollar bills on the banners that were carried through the streets on saints' days and then hurried away to finish the cooking for the *festa* that would follow. They were the ones who carried to the table slices of *mozzarella*; chunks of thin pork sausage so long and so well dried that they cracked like whips when you broke them; *manicotti* or *lasagna*; chicken *cacciatore* or steaks *alla pizzaiola*; and the little snacks—the chicken livers and potatoes with the magic spices; eggplant and asparagus patties; and fat, crisp blades of fennel, with their clean, licorice taste. They were the ones who made the pastry—the *cannoli*, crisp, golden cylinders shot through with cream and chunks of chocolate; the thousand flakes of a sea-shell *sfogliatelle*; and the ponderous, spongelike *babas* that soaked up a glass of rum. They were the mothers and grandmothers, the toilers, the shapeless women who always wore black.

Luella saw them all that day—Tony's friends, and Chesty's, and the old lady's—and George, watching her, felt his shame for them vanish. As alien as these people and their actions were to her, he only once saw her betray surprise. That was when he had gone back with her to the room where the casket was and Chesty had come in with his six-year-old daughter. In respect and admiration, the adults muffled their talk when the little girl appeared in the doorway, holding her father's hand. At a gesture from Chesty, the child clasped her hands, walked to the casket, and knelt with her head bowed. Then she rose and returned to Chesty as the audience murmured in admiration. Chesty led her up to Maria and Luella and asked her, "Where did Grandma go?" The little girl stared at Luella and was silent. Chesty shook her hand insistently and repeated, "Where did Grandma go?" Without taking her eyes from Luella, the child said, "Grandma went with the angels," and Chesty, looking

at them all with pride, said solemnly, "She's heartbroken."

LUELLA and George did not stay for the funeral but returned to New Haven that night. As the train carried them back, they held hands. She looked at him and said finally, "Hello, my Italian fellow."

"Tell me about it," George said.

"My Italian feller's folks come from the slums, drink red wine, smell of garlic, cry a lot, and play the horses."

"And?"

"Your New England girl's people work in the fields, eat like birds, squeeze their pennies, hide their hearts, and wear black shoes with a brown suit."

George smiled. "That about ties it up," he said, then added seriously, now certain of the answer, "What did you really think, Luella?"

"I liked them all," she said.

After a moment, he asked, "What did you think of Chesty's little girl?"

"She could be a wonderful kid."

"I guess she could," George said.

—JACK N. ARBOLINO

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MRS. A. A.

—Boston Globe.

What kind of woman *are* you, expecting birds to take a bath in each other's presence? Put a little screen around the tub and look the other way. And get that lewd old canary out of there!

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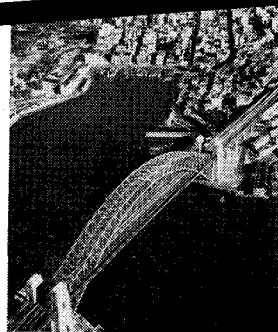
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All these old clocks had the duty of keeping time.

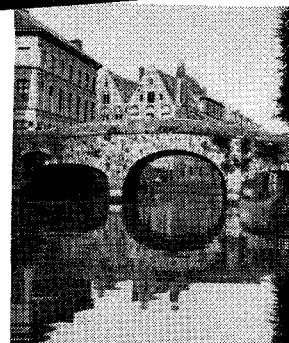
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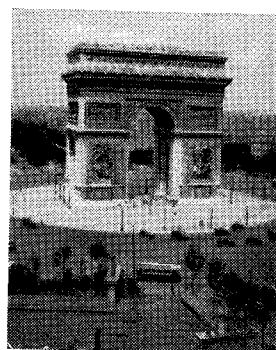
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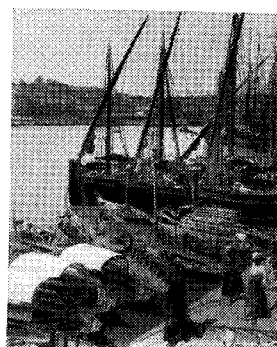
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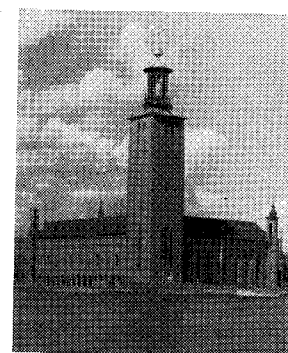
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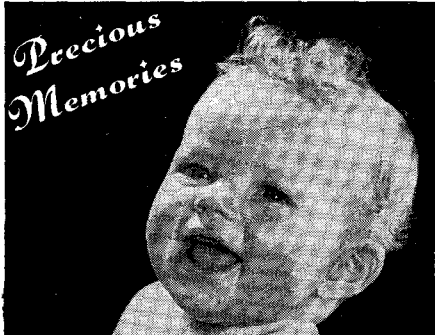
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Murder by Selznick



ONE picture may be worth a thousand words, but you'll never prove it by David O. Selznick. Whenever Mr. Selznick decides to dictate a screen play, he lowers himself into a kind of bubble bath of elocution and doesn't emerge until he's churned up enough soapy dialogue to blur the meagre outline of his ideas. In his latest work, "The Paradine Case," he is at the top of his loquacious form. The piece, an adaptation of the Robert Hichens novel about a lady who murders her blind husband, is supposed to be a taut courtroom mystery, but Mr. Selznick's characters talk so much that even the climactic scenes are hardly more stimulating than a high-school debate. The film does include, it is true, a few specimens of middle-period Selznick prose that might interest students of the Hollywood master. "Photographs," he points out, "are the social footsteps of time." And while that is sinking in, he has one of his ladies, considering the possible extinction of a fellow-member of the cast, remark, "I hope they hang her—no, I don't like breaking pretty things." This sort of rich palaver is handled by such actors as Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, Ann Todd, Charles Coburn, and Ethel Barrymore. It is, I suppose, to their credit that they don't seem as bored with the proceedings as the spectators are bound to be, but I don't think Mr. Laughton, who is cast as a hanging judge, had to display *quite* so much lip-smacking ardor in his role. He is plainly under the delusion that he is still prowling about the quarterdeck of the *Bounty*, and he does everything but eat his judicial robes in court to keep the camera lens from getting away from him. Besides those already mentioned, "The Paradine Case" presents us with the highly touted French actor Louis Jourdan and an actress named, with a brevity Mr. Selznick ought to emulate, Valli. I'm afraid no *ave* is due Valli for her stony performance, and Mr. Jourdan can certainly do better than he does here, as a body servant who double-crosses his sightless master by seducing his wife. It is with great reluctance that I am compelled to announce that "The Paradine



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Case" was directed by Alfred Hitchcock. The Selznick script must have caught him nodding.

"THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET" is a rather heavy-handed attempt to spoof a Congressional windbag. As Senator Melvin Ashton, a candidate for the Presidency, William Powell is an altogether unbelievable figure and not a very funny one. The material with which he has been provided by Charles MacArthur, who wrote the script, contains an occasional glimpse of the kind of political nonsense that made George Kaufman's and Morrie Ryskind's "Of Thee I Sing" such a joy, but most of the time Mr. MacArthur curries over jokes that were fairly tired a couple of decades ago. What with having Nunnally Johnson as producer and Mr. Kaufman as director, "The Senator Was Indiscreet" could have been a rollicking satire. Instead, it's merely a bad burlesque.

"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE," John van Druten's three-character play about a weekend seduction, has been expanded for the screen to include several other people, but since the seduction has been eliminated, it seems thinner than it was before Hollywood got at it. Ronald Reagan, Eleanor Parker, and Eve Arden participate; the last is often quite amusing. . . . "Captain from Castile" and "The Exile" feature Tyrone Power and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., respectively, in a series of gymnastic exercises and costumed theatrics of a type you must have seen dozens of times before. . . . "The Fabulous Texan" is a shooting-iron affair with William Elliott and Catherine McLeod, and it's no better and no worse than the standard Western. . . . "Daisy Kenyon" offers us Joan Crawford, who can't decide whether she loves Dana Andrews or Henry Fonda. I don't think you'll be able to work up much interest in her problem. —JOHN MCCARTEN

Suppose your kitchen table blew up right under your nose. Suppose YOU blew up. You'd be surprised, wouldn't you?—*Chicago Times*.

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[Secretary of Defense James Forrestal
quoted in PM]

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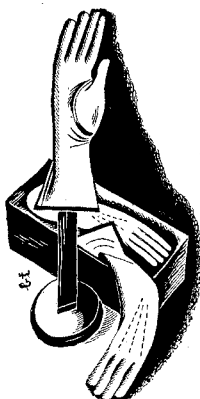
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



NOW is certainly the time to give some thought to resort clothes, and I think I can say that they have never been more fascinating or as adaptable to such a wide variety of occasions. The traditional "cabaña" dress, which has a long, full skirt, is equally appropriate this season for a beach, a dance floor, a train, and a restaurant. As a matter of fact, in many cases it's impossible to tell whether a particular piece of apparel was meant to be worn when you're tossing a beach ball around or when you're at a night club.

Most of the dresses in the shops have (and this won't astonish you) full, long skirts, some all the way down to the ankles and few more than fourteen inches from the floor. There are still some circular skirts, but the ballerina skirt is now in the background, except for youngsters. Gathers and unpressed pleats below the waistline, sometimes abetted by pockets, are used to give skirts a soft, slightly hippy look. The deep, circular band corded onto the hem of many dresses can, I think, be called a Trend. As for fabrics, spun rayon is still the most popular, for reasons that are no secret: it doesn't crush easily, and it can look like a lot of other materials. Irish linen is back in bulk (often at a bulky price, too), and there are more than a few handsome thin print wools, which, to return the compliment, do their best to look like spun rayon. Bergdorf has beautiful thin wool dresses in an eggshell-and-black or a pink-and-black print. The most striking new color is an intense shade of orange, which appears, among other places, at Russeks, in a lovely ribbed Egyptian-cotton dress. The bodice, which is short-sleeved, has gold-metal buttons ascending to a little collar, and the skirt has soft pleats in front and pockets on the hips. Altogether, this number has great charm, and it will cost you just \$45. Mauve—good, old-fashioned mauve—has made a comeback, and Brigrance, of Lord & Taylor, is using lots of it.

In obedience to an old winter custom of mine, I shall remind you that even if you don't expect to get farther south

than Wall Street this year, you'd do well to collect some warm-weather clothes. By June, the stock in the shops is apt to have been thoroughly picked over. What follows is a bulletin on some of the good things—such as daytime dresses, beach outfits, and bathing suits—you can have now.

TO begin with, Bergdorf Goodman are presenting exquisite silk dresses, at \$80 and \$90, including one in a print with swirling pink scrolls and what look like yellow maps of islands on a white background. This dress has a peplum, and the sides of the skirt are uncommonly full. Polka dots, which everybody is daft about this year, turn up on a number of silk dresses. One, an enchanting sapphire affair with white dots, has a black patent-leather belt, inverted pleats at the front, and a deep front décolletage surrounded by ruching. It ends about eight inches from the floor and looks

magnificent. In rayon crêpe, there's a neat and subtle print dress with a tan, yellow, or pink ground and delicate black-and-white figures copied from medieval tapestries. The bodice buttons up to a tiny, turnover collar, the sleeves are short, and the skirt is gathered all around; \$50. Bergdorf does plenty of tricks with spun rayon. One dress of it, with a bateau neck, casual inverted pleats from the waist down, and a patent-leather belt, has yellow, black, and orange checks and looks exactly like cotton tweed; \$90. Another, a white dress with navy tabs down the front, looks like Irish linen; it's yours for \$70. A third is a changeable blue-green, with a small collar, cap sleeves, and a wide band of green between the yoke and the belt. In linen, which just looks like linen, there's a white dress with a circular skirt that, for a change, is smooth over the hips. It has a wide navy-blue linen band corded on at the



"One of my customers reports that her husband sat right down and wrote a sonnet to her."

hem. The deep yoke is of navy linen, and there is a tiny collar; \$55.

DE PINNA's de-luxe Irish-linen dresses are \$110 apiece, and quite splendid. A two-piece navy-blue or black linen one has a long top that fastens with matching bone buttons, and a gored skirt flips out at the hemline. Another two-piece one, in black, magnolia, candy pink, or pale blue, has a short-sleeved top, hardly longer than a bellhop's jacket, and a skirt with unpressed pleats front and back. The shop's less lavish offerings include two-piece dresses, some of which resemble suits. A gray- or ginger-and-white checked linen one has flaps to emphasize the hips and a fold down the center of the skirt; \$49.95. Another, a navy, dark-brown, gray, pink, chartreuse, or white spun-rayon number with a turnover collar, short sleeves, and a skirt straight in back and on the bias in front, is the same price. Finally, a double-breasted spun-rayon coat dress, in black, white, navy, Kelly green, purple, or red, has a notched collar and lapels, padded hips, and a detachable belt at the back; it's \$45, and fine for women who insist on travelling tailored.

AT Russeks, there is an impressive collection of luxurious, fleecy wool coats. To give you an idea, a double-breasted white coachman coat has flap pockets jutting out from the hips above a circular skirt; a greatcoat, in lime and pink and other pale shades, has raglan sleeves, patch pockets, and ornamental stitching here and there. Either one is \$110. Then there are dresses of seersucker printed in small, odd-colored plaids, with full skirts, elasticized and boned tops, and dolman-sleeved jackets, at \$45. Wool flannel skirts, in that exaggerated orange I've mentioned or in a pale, sandy color, have attached cummerbunds and cost \$25. To go with them, Russeks provides a long white wool jersey sweater with metallic gold bands around it, for \$14.95. A white, heavy-weave rayon pedal-pusher outfit, for athletic women, caught and held my attention. The pants are longish and narrow, and the jacket is really marvelous. It's loose, in a just-below-hip-length mandarin style, and has pearl buttons, patch pockets, and a standing collar. This ensemble is \$25.

LORD & TAYLOR's Brigrance has been conducting some bold experiments with fabric, color, and detail, and his resort clothes are stunning. One four-piece costume involves a mauve chambray bra

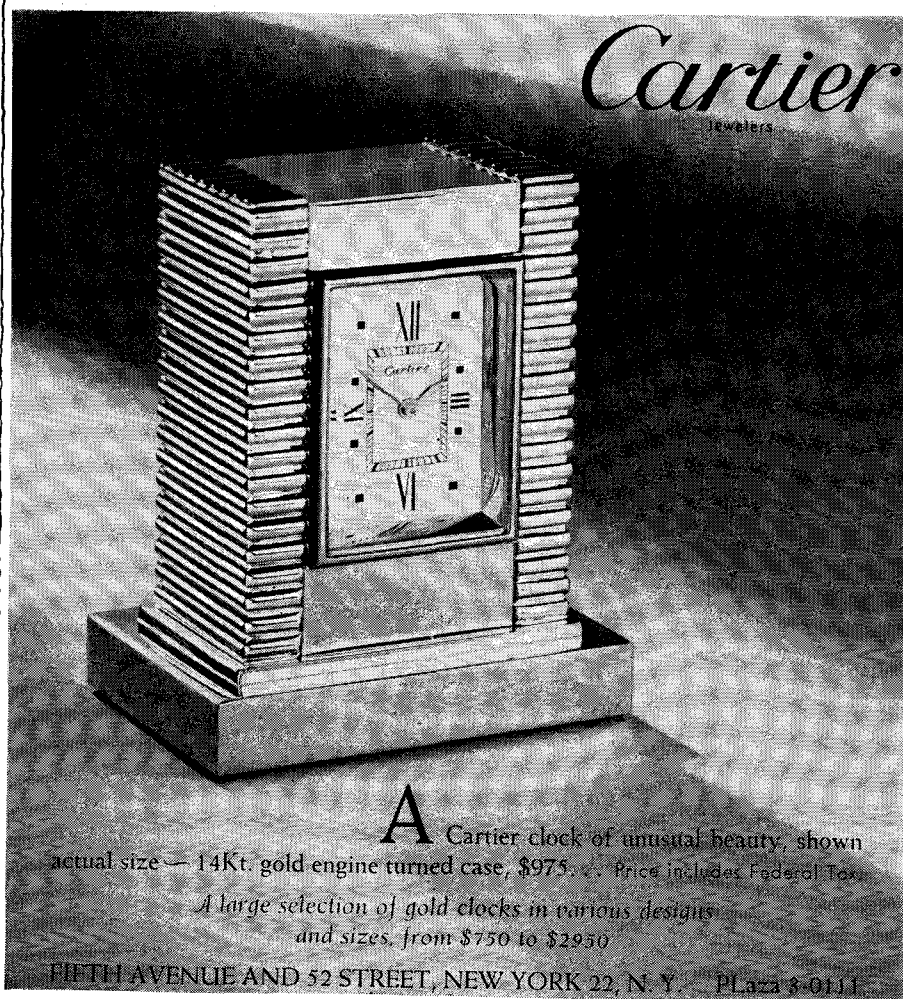


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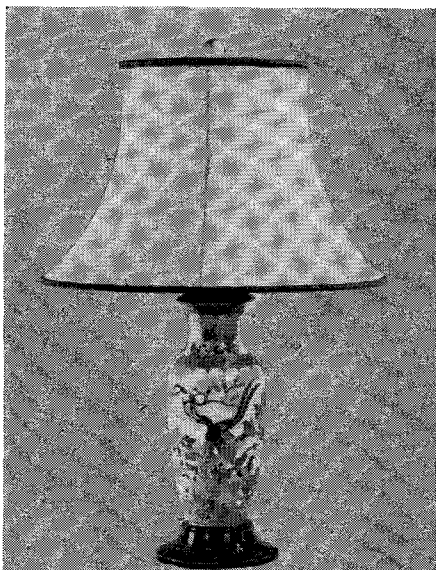


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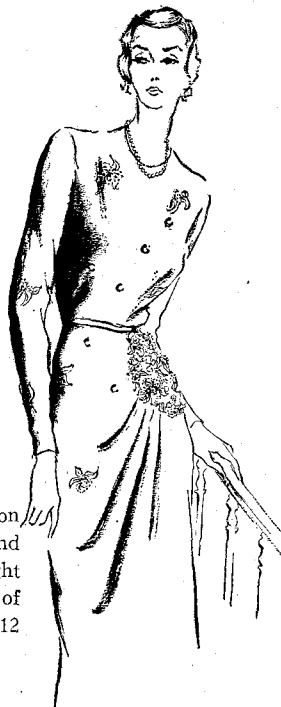
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with horizontal tucks, matching glazed-chintz shorts, a glazed-chintz skirt with unpressed pleats all around, and a vertically tucked chambray shirt, to be worn inside the skirt or loose, as a beach coat. The first three pieces cost \$39.95 all told, and the shirt is an extra \$29.95. Another ensemble is of a rayon that resembles sharkskin and is tinted a color Lord & Taylor call Fresh Eggs but that reminds me of sand. The skirt, which has stitched, flat pleats, flares out below its slim hipline and is thoroughly wonderful. There's also a rayon crêpe shirt, with stitching on the yoke, and a halter bra; \$79.95 gets the works. One more intricate beach outfit and we'll drop the subject. This has a white rayon bra with a blue halter, on which white polka dots are scattered, that ties in a bow on the chest. White rayon shorts, a polka-dotted cotton sateen skirt with unpressed pleats, and a fitted, waist-length white rayon jacket complete the ensemble; \$59.95. A polka-dotted *maillot* is bound with white Lastex around the top and has a Lastex halter neck. With it goes a separate, polka-dotted circular skirt that has a white Lastex waistband. There are tucked, dressmaker bathing suits of mauve, pink, or aqua chambray, with circular skirts, and there are princesses ones of candy-pink chintz. A gray rayon bathing suit has vertical tucks at the waist to achieve a rounded hipline; \$35. My favorite among Brigrance's play dresses is made of mauve Irish linen, with attached shorts and a separate, wrap-around skirt that is mauve in front and navy the rest of the way; \$69.95.

THE bathing suits at Saks Fifth Avenue are feminine indeed, even to the point of having occasional ruffles. On a pale-blue or pink chambray suit, white or black lacy embroidery makes a band along the bottom of the low-cut round halter top and the little-boy shorts; \$25. A princesses version of this suit, to be worn with or without shoulder straps, has an embroidered ruffle at the décolletage and at the hem of the skirt; it's \$29.95. Washable metallic fabrics are on hand here. For instance, a white Celanese affair with a halter top slashed almost to the waist in front has a tailored belt of gold-metal and white-cotton mesh; \$14.95. Moving along to dresses, but not deserting metallic fabrics, we come to a two-piece business made up of a leaf-green rayon jersey tuck-in top, with short sleeves and a standing collar, and an ankle-length washable beige cotton skirt with a fine,

vertical gold-metal stripe. The skirt has a cummerbund and costs \$22.95; the blouse is labelled \$9.95. Saks has a nice thin flannel tailored dress, in that ubiquitous orange, and an unusual brown worsted denim (yes, worsted) traveling suit, flecked with white and orange so that it looks as tweedy as most tweeds. The fitted, waist-length jacket, which has long, cuffed sleeves, is lined with beige chambray that matches the sleeveless blouse, and the circular skirt has a cummerbund; \$89.95 for the suit, and an additional \$17.95 for the blouse.

BEST, as usual, is a splendid preserve for crisp, tailored summer clothes with such good lines that they can easily be worn with a big hat in town. Twenty-five dollars is what any one of the dresses you will find in the collection here will cost you. Rayon sharkskin produces a white or pastel princesses dress with a turnover collar, short sleeves, and small pearl buttons down the front. A bow that ties at the waistline in front and another that ties in back keep this one out of the "classic" category. Silk shantung, in Kelly or turquoise, as well as in toast or the conventional navy and black, is used in a dress with a convertible neck, a double-breasted top, and a straight skirt. Broadcloth of Egyptian cotton, another notable entry, appears in pastel shades—turquoise, blue, pink, or yellow—or navy blue. For one thing, it makes a tailored dress with short sleeves and shirring at the sides of the skirt. A tailored black silk number printed with large, brightly colored bow-knots has a skirt with a fly front and unpressed pleats, and there is a turnover collar on the buttoned bodice and a bow tie at the throat. For the beach, Best's most satisfying offering is a challis bathing suit bearing bright-red rambler roses on a black, green, or royal-blue ground; it comes in both one-piece and two-piece versions, and the shorts are all quilted. The price is \$23.50. A glorious white terrycloth beach robe, ballerina length and with a wide, flat, turnover collar, an elasticized waistband, and a large gilt hook-and-eye fastening, is \$19.95. This one is really handsome enough for an evening wrap.

IF the Irish fisherfolk could see some of the cabaña clothes Peck & Peck blandly ascribe to their influence, they'd probably be startled out of a year's catch. One group, of wrinkle-resistant cotton tweed, includes a blue-and-red plaid ankle-length pinafore with a square neck and a very full skirt. With this,

you may have a fitted white piqué waist-length blouse, to be tucked inside or worn loose. The pinafore costs \$22.95 and the blouse \$12.95. A tan, purplish-blue, or muted-green cotton tweed dress, which would look even better on a dance floor than in a cabaña, has a halter top, a plunging neckline, a wide midriff, gold cord lacing down the back, and a skirt that is all unpressed pleats to just short of the hemline; \$29.95. For evening (and not, I'd say, for any other time), there's a white eyelet-embroidered cotton dress, with a fitted bodice, a halter neck, and a full skirt. It's worn over a strapless Turkey-red or Kelly-green poplin slip that has a fitted bodice and a widely flaring skirt and is an evening dress in itself. The whole thing comes to \$39.95. A wonder of a strapless, ankle-length sky-blue cotton dress, printed with green shamrocks, has a matching shawl with a green lining; \$29.95 for the dress, \$7.50 for the scarf. There's no end to the ideas this establishment has for ensembles; a plaid cotton tweed bathing suit, at \$16.95, can be supplemented with a pair of sunglasses that have laminations of a matching cotton tweed in the plastic rims; \$8.

THE current batch of blouses at Martha West is superb. Long-sleeved tailored affairs, of silk in bright colors printed in foulard designs, have grosgrain neckties and cost \$12.95; beautiful short-sleeved silk ones, at \$9.95, are in grass green printed with soft-blue, Shocking-pink, and white pictures of flowers and stuff. A lovely, finely striped blue- or gray-and-white cotton has a narrow white piqué turn-over collar, piqué cuffs trimming the three-quarter dolman sleeves, and pearl buttons down the front; \$9.95 too. The tailored summer dresses are up to Martha West's standard, which is a high one. A two-piece job in a rayon that looks like handkerchief linen has a



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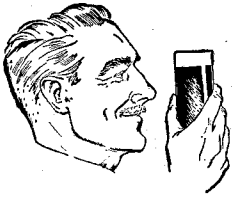
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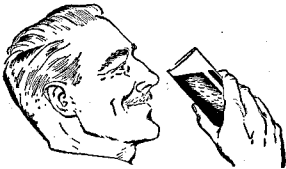
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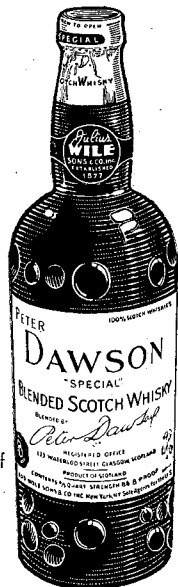


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short, red, fitted jacket top and a pale-blue swing skirt, or a Kelly-green top and a chartreuse skirt; \$35. A navy-blue spun rayon masquerading as linen crash has a low, round neck, a circular skirt, an attached blue-and-white printed rayon sash, and a bolero with three-quarter sleeves and a collar and facings of the print; \$59.95. A natural, pink, light-blue, or chartreuse raw silk one-piece business has a skirt with a fold around the hips that gives the effect of a two-piece dress; this has a turnover collar and short sleeves, and there are twisted silver-metal buttons down the front of the bodice. The price is \$29.95. Next, you might inspect some exceptional two-piece suede dresses; for instance, a tan one with a tailored top, whose sleeves are banded in two contrasting colors to match the border of the skirt; \$98.95.

I'VE come across an excellent beach bag, which can tote a small medicine chestful of sun-tan lotion and an armful of books. It's the Pocketbasket, and it costs \$12.95 at Bendel's Young-Timers' shop. It is simply an old-fashioned woven market basket, of ash, with a wooden handle at the top; it's lacquered in any number of color combinations, and the shop stands ready to scrawl whatever you have to say—from a name and address to your favorite line in Shakespeare, assuming you *have* one—in gold paint around the rim, where the limit is twenty-three words, or across the handle, where it's seventeen. Bendel wants about ten days to do this.—L. L.

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[Louella O. Parsons in the
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Saint Joan



IN the first two Carnegie Hall concerts in January, the Philharmonic-Symphony joined a small cast of singers and narrators and the Westminster Choir in presenting the North American première of "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher" ("Joan of Arc at the Stake"), an ambitious dramatic oratorio composed in 1938 by Arthur Honegger to a text by Paul Claudel. The tardiness of the composition's arrival on this continent certainly cannot be put down to any lack of effectiveness in either the words or the music, and last week's performance of the oratorio, which runs about an hour and a quarter, without intermissions, was absorbing all the way through.

This "Jeanne d'Arc," which is sometimes staged with scenery and costumes, as what Honegger has called a "mimodrame," was performed this time with the cast in street clothes, except for Vera Zorina, who took the part of Jeanne and was dressed in a white-and-silver robe. The work requires no acting to tell its story, and the narrative technique it employs is very flexible and rather like that of a documentary film or play. Jeanne and Frère Dominique, a priest, in the only speaking roles, review her career while the singing personnel contribute commentary on and flashbacks to some of the events. Claudel tells the story of Jeanne's martyrdom and apotheosis in lucid, imaginative, and highly dramatic poetry. The text is compact without being sketchy, and the purely lyrical moments, such as a passage called "Trimazo," and the ironic episodes, such as a bizarre trial of Jeanne by a court headed by a jurist known as Porcus the Pig, fit logically into the general pattern.

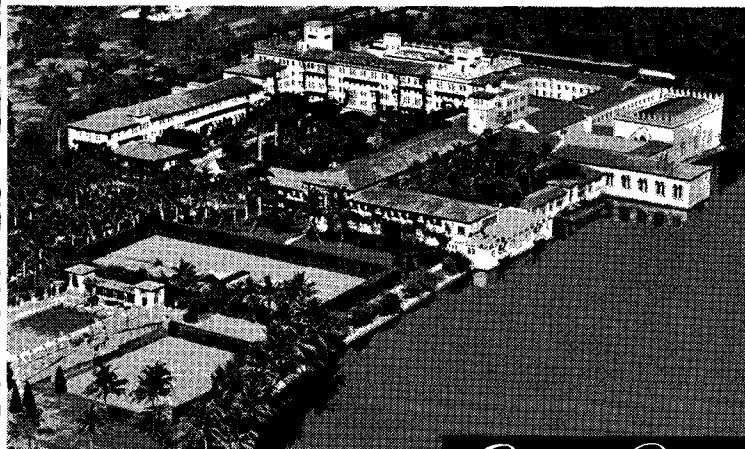
Honegger's music for this remarkable text was written with sensitivity and a skill that never calls attention to itself. The composer, following the poem carefully, never allows tragedy to run over into melodrama, or satire, however angry, to become mere caricature. There are numerous distinguished details in the vocal and instrumental writing, and all of them stay admirably close to the episodes in hand. It may be that the special virtues of the text, which de-

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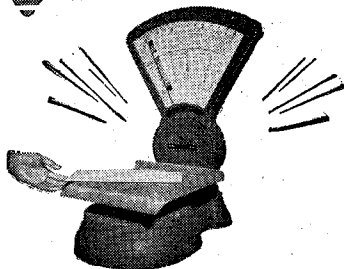
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mands more attention than those of most oratorios, make for a certain diffusion of impact in "Jeanne d'Arc." There are so many things in this work that it is a bit hard to take them all in at once, and as a consequence "Jeanne d'Arc" lacks the singleness of impression made by Honegger's "King David," one of the best choral works of the century. Nevertheless, the "Jeanne d'Arc" music is powerful and artistic, and putting it on was an important, commendable achievement.

Charles Münch, who last week returned to the Philharmonic-Symphony for another short term of duty, conducted the work magnificently and received skillful coöperation from the orchestra and the choir. Miss Zorina spoke her lines charmingly and touchingly, and even supplied a few measures of pleasant song; Raymond Gerôme, as Frère Dominique, was exceptionally eloquent, and the soloists—Nadine Conner, Jarmila Novotna, Joseph Laderoute, Lorenzo Alvary, and Enid Szantho—were excellent, as were the members of the choir who made brief solo appearances.

THE Metropolitan Opera Company last week came up with a memorable performance of "Tristan und Isolde," with Lauritz Melchior and Helen Traubel returning to the group to handle the title roles, and Fritz Busch, who had been ill, appearing for the first time this season as conductor. The presentation was well paced and poetic. The stars performed excellently, and the other principals—Blanche Thebom, as Brangäne; Joel Berglund, as Kurwenal; and Mihaly Szekeley, as King Mark—sang and acted expertly. Mr. Busch's direction was superb, and altogether the performance was a fine example of the way this opera should be done.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

In a Light Vein

TSCHAIKOWSKY is very well treated in two new albums—an animated and splendidly recorded performance by André Kostelanetz's orchestra of the popular "Nutcracker Suite" (Columbia album 714) and a recording of five dances from "The Nutcracker Ballet," the larger work from which the composer assembled the suite, by the Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conducting (Victor album 1164). The pieces in the latter set, none of which Tchaikowsky put in the suite, have the



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same spun-sugar consistency as the better-known dances and comprise, I should say, a tray of delicacies of less varied shapes but equally well done. The items are a "Winter Scene," a "Waltz of the Snowflakes," a pas de deux, a Spanish dance in tribute to chocolate, and, finally, another waltz. I found the last three most diverting, though the two other numbers seemed agreeable enough. The pas de deux is the broadest and most passionate section in the whole ballet, and, to do something that can lead only to remorse, I'd like to tip off the ghouls of the popular-song-writing profession that in it lies the burden of still another posthumous song hit. Returning briefly but enthusiastically to the Kostelanetz set, I might say that the orchestra sounded to me as if it had spent all its shiny career solely in preparation for this task.

FIEDLER and his men have also set down Offenbach's "Gaité Parisienne," a collection of odds and ends that furnish the musical background for the ballet of that name (Victor album 1147). It is a circusy, disjointed score, much too drawn out and episodic, I would say, to sustain interest in its bright superficiality. As waltz, galop, polka, cancan, mazurka, quadrille, ländler, march, and barcarolle (the barcarolle) succeed each other, the effect—on me, at least—is a bit like that of listening to a dance-hall band play a long and mostly uninteresting medley of trifles, one much resembling another, with a graceful and familiar melody now and then catching the attention and a small part of the emotions. I can find little real gaiety in the music of Offenbach—only a remarkable nervousness. The score of "Gaité Parisienne" was culled from some of his stage works—"Orpheus in Hades," "The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," "The Tales of Hoffmann," and others. The Boston "Pops" Orchestra plays it spiritedly.

FRANCESCO ALBANESE, a pleasing tenor who, we are told on a handbill accompanying Cetra-Soria album 103, is considered "Italy's greatest singer of Neapolitan songs" does very well indeed with six selections from the hardy Neapolitan repertoire. Singing tenderly and with that slightly flat tone characteristic of Italian tenors, Albanese, accompanied by an orchestra, offers "Santa Lucia," "Fenesta che lucive," "Passione," "'A Canzone 'E Napule," "Core 'Ngrato," and "Quanno Tramonta 'O Sole." They are all charming songs, but I think I preferred

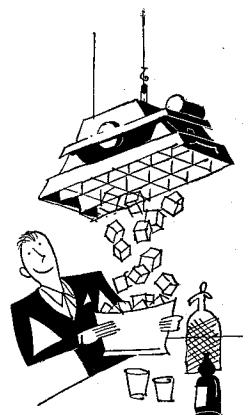
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(Answers below, upside down)

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- C. To publicize (among the 627,000 TIME-reading businessmen who have a voice in company purchases) Hewitt-Robins' ways of solving many tough materials-handling problems. ☐
- D. To sell TIME-reading owners of ice-locked ice trays their Robins Car Shakeout—which can empty the frozen contents of a hopper freight car in as little as 90 seconds. ☐
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- C. To give actual examples of "What Makes a Newspaper Great" to leading advertisers and manufacturers. (TIME is read by 57% of the sales and advertising managers listed in McKittrick's.) ☐
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- E. To establish Minneapolis as the 14th largest city in the world beginning with "M." (Can you name the other 13?) ☐

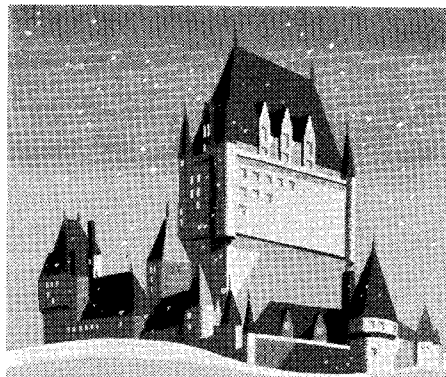


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"Passione" and "Core 'Ngrato," both a bit sad.

A TYPICALLY flashy but effective orchestral work by Aram Khachaturian, the Soviet-Armenian composer, has been recorded. It's the 1940 Violin Concerto, persuasively presented by Louis Kaufman, soloist, with the Santa Monica Symphony, under the leadership of Jacques Rachmilovich (Concert Hall album AN). The concerto is an energetic and accomplished work, with immediate appeal and little depth. It is less heady than Khachaturian's smash-hit Piano Concerto, but it is in much the same vein. The slow movement of the violin composition is pretty, but it comes close to sounding like a large radio orchestra's liberal interpretation of a standard show tune, such as "Night and Day," of which I was reminded once or twice. Kaufman's tone is gorgeous throughout and is admirably suited to the more syrupy phrases in the work, and his technique in the rather difficult part is flawless. The orchestra plays smoothly, too, and the recording is fine.

IRRA PETINA, who returned not long ago to the Metropolitan Opera, where she is a useful interpreter of character roles, after a spell in the operetta field, has done an album of Tchaikowsky songs (Columbia 712), which has both good and bad points. The selections are melodic and, for the most part, attractive, but the orchestral accompaniments aren't especially adept, and Miss Petina, a soprano, has a voice that lacks color and natural beauty. She makes up somewhat for these shortcomings by an expressive style. The selections, all sung in Russian, are Liza's aria from "Pique Dame" and the songs "It Was Early Spring," "Where Dancing Was Loudest," "Green Grass," "I Wish," "In This Moonlight Night," "Don't Doubt Me, Dear," "None but the Lonely Heart," and "Whether by Day." I found the collection mildly entertaining.

JAMES MELTON's lyric tenor soars gratifyingly in Cavaradossi's two big arias from "Tosca"—"Recondita Armonia," from the first act, and "E lucevan le stelle," from the third—on Victor single No. 10-1357. Melton displays considerable sympathy for Puccini's music, and I was thoroughly impressed by his renditions, in which he is assisted by an orchestra. Another new Victor single (No. 11-9840) you may be interested in hearing presents the first

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two of "Four Pieces" by the late Czech composer Joseph Suk, who was Dvořák's son-in-law. These compositions—"Quasi Ballata" and "Appassionato"—are artful to begin with and are beautifully played by Ginette Neveu, violinist, accompanied at the piano by her brother, Jean. Miss Neveu, whose tone is light and pure, recently made her local debut with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. These sides were recorded in Europe.

ANDRÉS SEGOVIA plays his transcription for guitar of the Chaconne in D Minor from Bach's Partita No. 2 in a Musicraft set (No. 85) of two records, of which the fourth side is given over to his guitar version of the Bach Gavotte for Lute. The Chaconne is a magnificent piece of music, and Segovia's playing of it is masterful.

A SUITE for viola da gamba by François Couperin and one for harpsichord by Marin Marais, both French composers of the early eighteenth century, have been put together in a new Technichord album (No. T-9). The viola da gamba is a rich-toned, seven-stringed instrument that looks something like a cello but is a bit smaller and has a flat back, like that of a guitar. The pieces, ornate and lively, are Couperin's Second Suite in A Minor and Marais's Suite in D Minor. Alfred Zighera, gambist, and Putnam Aldrich, harpsichordist, are the performers. I don't know how you'll feel about the set, but I, who generally find the harpsichord annoying, thought it delightful.

CÉSAR FRANCK's brooding, poetic, and occasionally dull Sonata in A Major for Violin and Piano is excellently played by Zino Francescatti, the violinist, and Robert Casadesu in Columbia album 717.... The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, led by Dimitri Mitropoulos, has provided a forceful performance of Rachmaninoff's overlong and slightly soggy Second Symphony (Victor album 1148). —D. W.

Prof. William Yale of the University of New Hampshire spoke last night on "The International Situation" before members of the Portsmouth Women's city club.

Declaring the United States was in no position to trust Russia, Professor Yale added that this is a dangerous era.

The club voted that there will be no whist party this week.—*Portsmouth (N.H.) Herald.*

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BOOKS

Two Novels: "Raintree County" and "The Aunt's Story"



AMERICAN fiction writing has for a long time been building up to "Raintree County," by Ross Lockwood, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin), a novel that has just been published. It is, it seems to me, the climax of all the swollen, pretentious human chronicles that also include a panorama of the Civil War, life in the corn-and-wheat belt, or whatnot. I don't know what started the trend. It may be the temper of the age, or it may simply be that publishers do better with thick books than with thin ones. At any rate, the crest has been reached. For here, in a thousand and sixty-six pages of novel, equipped with such guides as maps, chronologies, and illustrated end papers, is *everything* that happened in this country between 1844 and 1892—life on the prairies, Creole days in New Orleans, the debate over slavery, John Brown at Harpers Ferry, General Grant, Sherman's march through Georgia, the burning of Atlanta, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, Lincoln's assassination, the Reconstruction, the Industrial Revolution, the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876, and all the rest of it. I don't intend to explain how Mr. Lockwood arranges these events or to say anything about his story except that it is the history of one man's life, more bewilderingly crowded than that of Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd, and that it contains, along with the *smörgåsbord* already noted, a play-by-play account of a couple of Indiana Fourth of Julys, vast stretches of philosophical thought, three love affairs that involve haystacks, a considerable amount of swimming in the nude, a girl who has a mole, a girl who has a scar, and a girl who seems to be completely unblemished. Merely to get all this within the covers of a book is something of an accomplishment, like the feats performed by those sideshow performers who swallow nails, beer caps, open safety pins, and broken light bulbs. But Mr. Lockwood's real achievement is

the way he has put his book together. "Raintree County," he says in a prefatory note addressed to the reader, "is the story of a single day in which are imbedded a series of flashbacks." To help the reader along, Mr. Lockwood uses one of his chronologies to chart the events of the day with which he is especially concerned (it happens to be July 4, 1892), another to list the flashbacks, and a third to deal with the historical events that bear on the story. Since this is the way current fiction is trending, I don't see why the publishers of this book didn't go the limit and provide a compass. I could have used one just to find my way from the end of one chapter of this novel to the beginning of the next. Let me show you why, with one quote. I must explain that in the quotation (which is verbatim, whether you believe it or not) the first seven lines are the last sentences of the chapter that ends on page 199 and that the subsequent arrangement of capital letters is the beginning of the chapter that starts on page 200:

Our arms were interlaced, our sobbing breaths beat on each other's eyelids under the seedenlivening light of eternal

day. O, bright annihilator of lines and minutes, o, ceaseless undulator of curves recurrent, o, visual and unvestal goddess, *Oft was I weary when I toiled with*

June 18— THE —1859
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only in the *Free Enquirer*, and even then not until several days after the excitement had died down.

Maybe this is advance-guard, maybe it is sheer Art, but it *looks* like an unhappy marriage between a typographical error and Thomas Wolfe. Mr. Lockwood's book is full of Wolfe, by whom he seems to be, rather unfortunately, hypnotized, and it is also full of Joyce, Faulkner, and Lawton Evans' "Essential Facts of American History." Now that you know this much about the thing, which happens to be the Book-of-the-Month choice for January, you will not be surprised to learn that it won the last Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Novel Award, for it's just the sort of plump turkey that they bake to a turn in Hollywood.

And yet, unlikely as it may seem, Mr. Lockwood does have talent. When he stops trying to write like the author of a pageant of America and just goes



ahead and writes, he can be read with interest and enjoyment. Nearly all his major figures are failures, but he succeeds splendidly with a few minor characters. One of them, a Professor Jerusalem Webster Stiles, is in the native comic tradition of Mark Twain. This is Mr. Lockwood's first novel, so there is still time for him to learn that bulk is not accomplishment, that fanciness is not literature, and that Thomas Wolfe, while an excellent man in his way, had defects that look absolutely terrible second-hand.

IF this were the best of all possible worlds, in which writers got their just deserts, "The Aunt's Story," by Patrick White (Viking), would sell as many copies as Mr. Lockwood's novel is almost certain to, but there's not a chance. There are too many good things about it. Mr. White, instead of trying to involve a set of characters in a detailed history of a half century of a nation's life, just tells the story of a woman who, throughout her young, promising years, is bound by loyalty and a certain lack of will power to her selfish, tyrannical mother. She sees her sister marry the man she loves herself, and then will not have the man who loves her. Freed by her mother's death, she determines, with a sort of sad, aching wistfulness, to travel about the world and find herself. She comes to a French *pension* that has a fantastic garden full of cactus plants, and for a time she lives with a group of equally fantastic people, among them a wonderfully portrayed Russian general. The end is done so skillfully, and is so much Mr. White's story, that no one else should try to tell it. Not that Mr. White's novel depends on it. It depends for its distinguished success upon the two things that every novelist must depend upon—an understanding of human beings and a knowledge of how to write. Mr. White's prose is as much a delight as the story he tells with it. He is, incidentally, an Englishman who grew up in Australia. He has written two other books, "Happy Valley" and "The Living and the Dead." I have never read them, but I intend to now.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

PRISONERS OF THE NIGHT, by Andrew Corvin Romanski (Bobbs-Merrill). A novel about life in a Soviet labor camp near the Arctic Circle during the recent war. Mr. Romanski's



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major purpose—to upend his readers with a shattering account of what happens to people (chiefly Poles, in this case) who get in the way of the Soviet wave of history—is adequately fulfilled, but his point would probably have been made more forcibly if he had written the book as a straight report on modern political imprisonment. The most notable part of the story is his description of some pitiful Soviet officials who are charged with carrying out the impossible directives of the great experiment and who sustain themselves with vodka, invective, and illegal barter while awaiting the summons to headquarters that may or may not mean that they have been awarded the Order of Lenin.

THE CITY AND THE PILLAR, by Gore Vidal (Dutton). A disappointing third novel by an author who has attracted a good deal of serious critical attention in the past. It is the story of a young man's gradual development into an unflinching homosexual, beginning with an account of his first, puzzled experience of inversion and culminating, after an exhaustive log of his adventures in Hollywood, Mexico, and New York, in an account of his involvement in a gaudy murder. Sociologically, the book amounts to an amazingly thorough compendium of the kind of dreary information that accumulates on a metropolitan police blotter; artistically, it represents the latest, and possibly ultimate, stage in the decline of the literature of homosexuality to the level of unadorned tabloid writing, a decline that has been in progress ever since Thomas Mann wrote "Death in Venice."

VAIN CITADELS, by Bryan S. Morgan (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A first novel concerning an English murderer's spiritual regeneration during the four months he spends eluding agents of the Yard. In his search for sanctuary, the murderer looks up a number of old friends, most of whom find it difficult to think highly of him when they learn what he has been up to. Although the author apparently intends their rejection of the hunted man to illustrate the bogus Christianity of modern society, he doesn't make clear just why the failure of several ordinary people to hail an acknowledged murderer in the classic apostolic manner should be regarded as proof of a run-down moral condition. His delineation of the principal character's emotional pirouettes, on the

other hand, is much more convincing, if reminiscent of the methods of Graham Greene.

VENUS AND THE VOTERS, by Gwyn Thomas (Little, Brown). The voters the author has in mind are the same four talkative fellows who figured in "The Dark Philosophers," his other novel about the whimsical inhabitants of a Welsh mining village. In his new book, Mr. Thomas hasn't altered the voters' conversational habits very much (they continue to overflow with complex definitions of love, the established economic order, and life itself), but he has set them to work on a well-defined and delicate problem—straightening out a love affair between a poetic young lady and a dashing bus driver with Fascist tendencies. The men's intervention in the affair, which causes the Fascist to commit an act of violence that lands him in jail, is a political, if not a romantic, success. Mr. Thomas's fanciful way of telling the story can probably be excused on the ground that he is a Celt and can't help himself.

THE TEMPTATIONS OF MOURAD, by Lucienne Favre (Morrow). There are excellent qualities about this fresh and persuasive novel dealing with the life of an opportunistic Berber tribesman in Algiers. For one thing, the central character, Mourad, unlike most picaresque heroes, is a real person, and for another, the author's long familiarity with the intricacies and contradictions of the Arab world enables her to portray an exotic society without turning out merely a Baedeker of strange customs and manners.

GENERAL

SOVIET LITERATURE TODAY, by George Reavey (Yale). A general survey of writing in the U. S. S. R. since the revolution—more of a chart than literary criticism. Mr. Reavey, an Englishman who has a fairly intimate acquaintance with Russians and their language, covers a lot of territory in a comparatively short space, dealing not only with writers, poets, and playwrights but with the writers' union, the operations of publishing houses, and the dialectical critical channels through which the finished product must pass before Russian readers get a look at it. He maintains that though Soviet writing is closely supervised, it is in constant flux; that despite the dead weight of bureaucracy, it has kept its



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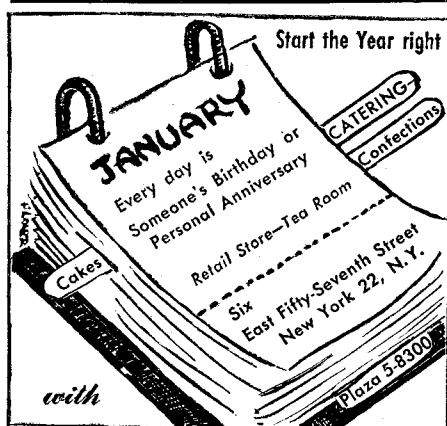


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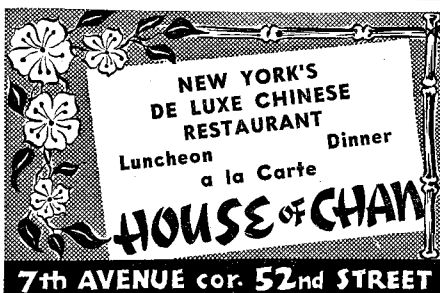
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historic vitality; and that although there may be no geniuses writing in Russia now, there is nothing in the present system that would prevent one from appearing.

PARIS SPLEEN, by Charles Baudelaire (New Directions). An English translation, by Louise Varèse, of a book of *arrière-pensées*, random thoughts, and prose odds and ends, originally published in French under the title "La Pléiade." The subjects, each of which is treated in a few paragraphs, range from the superiority of yellow dogs over thoroughbred breeds to the spiritual benefit that Baudelaire bestowed on a feeble old beggar by savagely beating him up. In this oddly unidiomatic translation, Baudelaire's quizzical humor seems off key. On the whole, hardly the writer at his best.

LEAVE MY OLD MORALE ALONE, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday). An omnibus of Sir Alan's war verse, along with some satirical prose pieces, most of which first appeared in *Punch* or the London *Sunday Graphic*. This volume, which comprises six previously published books, is a sort of humorous, but, justifiably, not good-humored, history of the war, and the hundreds of poems in it touch on just about every topic that Englishmen were concerned with during six years of fighting.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ON SUCH A NIGHT, by Anthony Quayle (Little, Brown). The wartime Governor of Palleria, a British island fortress in the Mediterranean, is put in a bad fix by the simultaneous arrival on the island of Lord Sterndale, Minister for War Coördination, and a Military Intelligence report stating that Sterndale has been seen in Lisbon talking to a German agent and is very probably on his way to another rendezvous with the enemy, in Egypt. The Governor's problem is to prevent the Minister from being exposed as a traitor at a critical moment during the war, as well as from keeping his appointment in Africa. A neat, spirited, and literate bit of intrigue.

MAKE MY BED SOON, by John Stephen Strange (Doubleday). Depressing doings in Bucks County, where Barney Gantt, the newspaperman-detective, and his wife have rented a place in which to relax. When the local farm folk begin to keel over from food poisoning, the Gantts get busy and dig up enough rural scandal

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A THOUSAND TIMES OH [From the London Times] "AN UNPARLIAMENTARY EXPRESSION"

THE SPEAKER'S REBUKE

The SPEAKER.—I asked the hon. member not to engender more heat than he could contain. He has now used an un-Parliamentary expression, and I order him to withdraw it. (Opposition cheers.)

Mr. SILVERMAN.—At your request, Mr. Speaker, I withdraw the words "offensive lie," but I say that there is not a word of truth in what Major Lloyd says. (Opposition cries of "Oh!")

The SPEAKER.—I had already asked the hon. member not to rise and engender more heat until we had heard what Major Lloyd had said. Mr. Silverman then rose before we had heard what Major Lloyd had to say. I think Mr. Silverman is blameworthy on that account.

MAJOR LLOYD.—I merely wished to request the Leader of the House to give myself and other hon. members on this side of the House an opportunity for fully justifying our suspicions and the suspicions of the country by a public debate in this House. (Opposition cheers.)

Mr. H. MORRISON.—My answer again is perfectly clear. If the hon. member will have the courage of his slanderous accusations—(Opposition cries of "Oh!")—and will put in writing, with evidence, what he has said, if he establishes a *prima facie* case we will consider the matter.

Mr. MIKARDO (Reading, Lab.) asked if the same criterion should not apply to Major Lloyd as the Speaker had applied to Mr. Ellis Smith. After further argument, Mr. LEVY (Eton and Slough, Lab.) asked the Speaker for guidance on the difference between the rulings which he had given on the statement of Mr. Ellis Smith and on that of Major Lloyd.

EASING THE SITUATION

The SPEAKER.—I pulled Mr. Ellis Smith up for making insinuations and imputations and, although he did not like it, he withdrew. Now Major Lloyd has also made imputations and insinuations and, although he does not like it, I am going to ask him if he will withdraw, because I think that will ease the situation a good deal. "Nepotism" comes very near "corruption." We have had a lot of heat and I think the expression is offensive. While I do not suggest we should be mealy-mouthed in the least—if I may borrow the expression from the Leader of the Opposition—I think it is almost so offensive that Major Lloyd would do well to withdraw it.

Mr. CHURCHILL.—I submit that Major Lloyd did not rest his case on the use of an offensive expression, but upon a charge. Therefore I ask you, if you would, to discriminate in your ruling between the duty of hon. members to withdraw offensive expressions which they use, and to withdraw charges which it is, perhaps, their duty to bring to the notice of the House of Commons. (Ministerial cries of "Oh!")



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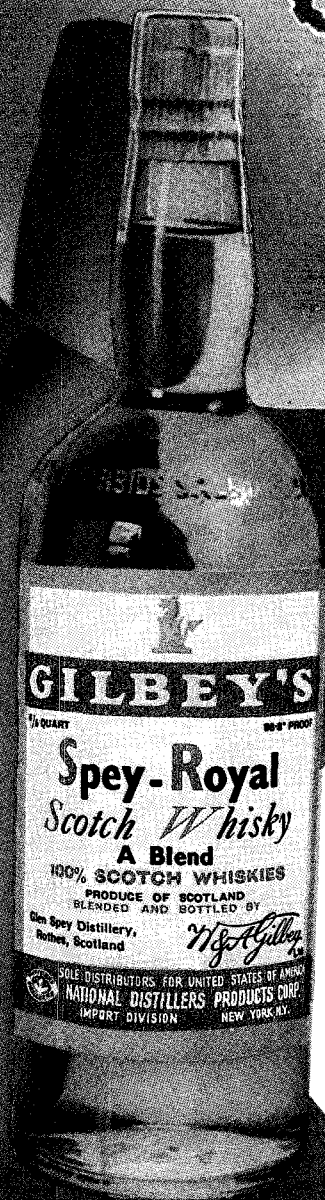
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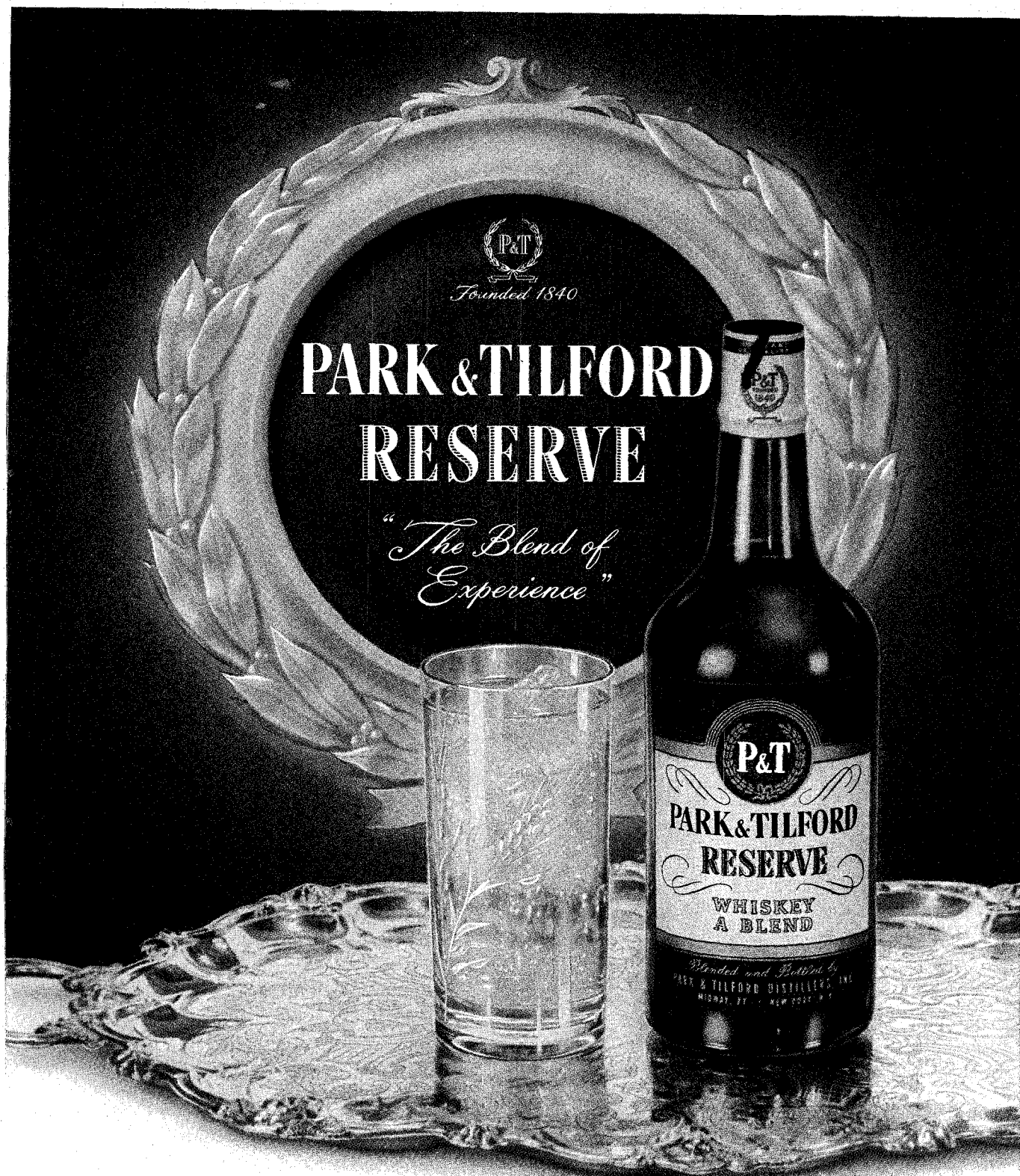
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